

William Oliver
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ONE PENNY.



THE GUARDS IN THEIR CANADIAN WINTER COSTUME.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We had fully expected to have recorded in this portion of our paper the pleasing news that the Trent difficulty was at an end. It was believed that the Europa would bring the glad tidings of President Lincoln having made the necessary reparation, and that amicable relations between the two countries had been established. The steamer is to land, having arrived at Queenstown late on Monday evening, but there is nothing stated as to the dispute being settled. It was understood that the dispatches of the British Government were in the hands of the Washington Cabinet, who were engaged in secret conference upon the matter, but no sign had been made of the intentions of the parties thus engaged. The subject had not been yet submitted to the Senate, though it was daily expected to be so. Judging from the spirit of a letter written by Mr. Seward, excusing himself from being present at the New England anniversary dinner, an amicable solution is likely. This is also indicated by the tone of the American journals, which is favourable to the continuation of peace. Besides, the arrival of the Arago at New York, with General Scott, and the opinion of the French Government, was held as likely to produce a satisfactory settlement. We have the intelligence so far to hand, but no war particulars, though bills for war taxes are reported to have been carried through both Houses of Congress, in the shape of taxes on tea, coffee, sugar, and molasses. A bill had likewise passed the Senate, appropriating one and a half million of dollars for the construction of gunboats on the western waters. It was also reported that a naval depot and navy yard was about being erected on Lake Michigan. The next steamer may bring the important news desiderated, but in the meantime considerable uneasiness prevails.

The news from India and China is important. From the one we learn, upon what may be considered good authority, that Nana Sahib has been at last captured. He was taken, disguised as a merchantman, at Kurachee, from whence he was trying to make his escape. From the "Flowery Land," we are informed that a *coup d'état* had taken place at Peking, resulting in a new government, under the presidency of Prince Kung.

The Austrian dispatch on the Trent affair is similar to those of France and Prussia. It asserts that this country could not, under the circumstances, avoid protesting against the insult to her flag, and demanding reparation; and it expresses a hope that the Washington Cabinet will comply with the request made upon it, which it can easily do without any sacrifice of national dignity.

The French Chambers are not to meet till the 29th of the month, a fortnight later than the period originally calculated. There is, however, nothing particularly pressing, unless it be the financial scheme of M. Fould, which is exceedingly distasteful to the Camarilla of the court, who are exceedingly afraid lest the pruning-knife should interfere with their foolish performances and expenses.

The opening of the British Parliament, which in the event of unpleasant news from America, was to have taken place on the 14th, is now postponed till the 6th of February. The prorogation took place on Saturday, with the usual formalities. Of course, should the next news from Washington be of a warlike character, the Legislature, by a special Order in Council, will be immediately brought together.

Domestic matters are exceedingly quiet at present, nor will there be much change till definite intelligence reaches from the other side of the Atlantic. A few days now must end all suspense. On the Stock Exchange, and in business quarters generally, transactions are all but nil. A great impulse will be given to all kinds of trading transactions, should peace be fully restored.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur* publishes an account of the Emperor's reception of the diplomatic, legislative, and clerical bodies on New Year's Day. The full account, however, adds nothing of the least political significance to the version published in our last. To the Corps Legislatif, the Emperor merely said that he hoped they would see in the modifications lately introduced into the Constitution a fresh proof of his entire confidence in the wisdom and patriotism of the deputies.

ITALY.

On New Year's Day the French officers in Rome were presented to the Pope by General Goyon, who offered his Holiness the customary congratulations, and expressed the devotion felt by those under his command to the Papal throne. The Pope thanked the French commander for his expressions of devotion, and uttered a hope that the presence of the French soldiers in Rome would not permit any act to be attempted against religion or the State. The Pope concluded by bestowing the apostolic benediction upon the Emperor of the French, the Imperial family, and the whole French army. Despite this interchange of enthusiastic sentiment, it does not seem, however, as if the Pope's advisers were quite so warmly affected towards their defenders. Indeed, Cardinal Antonelli seems inclined, if we may believe a Roman telegram, to find a quarrel somehow with the French protectors of the Papacy. He strongly opposes the occupation by the French troops of the town of Alatri, and has declared that if General Goyon wishes to occupy that place he must do so by force, as the Papal Government will never give its consent to the occupation.

The Roman National Committee has posted up bills in Rome proclaiming that the issue of Roman Consols effected by the Pontifical Government after March of last year will never be recognised by the Italian Government, inasmuch as the temporal power of the Pope was then legally terminated by the formal declaration of the Italian Parliament. We doubt whether this manifesto will have any special effect upon the financial situation. Those who are inclined to accept the credit of the Papal Government already will not be influenced by a "reminder" of the logical effect which the vote of the Italian Parliament ought to have upon the existence of that obstinate Government.

The chambers resumed their sitting on the 3rd. Signor Ratazzi communicated to the chamber of deputies a speech delivered by the King in reply to a parliamentary deputation. In this speech the King said he was confident that the union between crown and people would always remain firm; and that although, for reasons with which every one is acquainted, the Italian cause had not made great progress during the past year, he hoped that the new year would be more favourable. Garibaldi has accepted the presidency of the Rifle Association of Genoa, and has addressed a letter to the members of that body, in which he says, "Hasten to prepare yourselves to take up arms, for the moment approaches when you will have to give fresh proofs of your valour."

GARIBALDI AND THE NEAPOLITANS.—The journal *Roma e Venezia*, published at Genoa, contains the following letter from General Garibaldi to the representative of the Committee of Treccina (a market town of Naples):—"Thanks to the Committee of Treccina for its kind words, and now be good enough to listen to one from me. Upon you, who were the first to throw down the glove to the tyrants of your country, upon you have fallen the most misfortunes. Such is the reward of merit. There remains to us the approval of our conscience for having fulfilled our duty, and the inflexible resolve to do it again before very long. The priests of Rome, with those who tolerate and protect them, are the cause of all your troubles; they must feed on dead bodies in order to live. I should have gone to you some time since, but did not go for the same reasons as those which induced me to leave you; I hope, however, soon to be with you. Meanwhile all of you arm yourselves with a musket, or with something else; you will find organisers among your valiant fellow-citizens. All of you arm. Let your example be followed by all the other provinces, and all armed and organised brigands and malefactors of every kind will disappear. Above all, do not abandon the programme which makes us strong, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel' and do not listen to the men of party. We all belong to the nation, which wishes to constitute itself, and not to parties, and we shall soon be ready to remind the audacious who have forgotten it that this land is the land of Massaniello and of the Vespers.—Ever yours, G. GARIBALDI. Capri, Dec. 24, 1861."

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government has sent a dispatch to its Minister at Washington on the Trent affair. The dispatch expresses the hope that Captain Wilkes may have acted without instructions. If it says, this supposition should not be well-founded, which the Prussian Government would wish to be the case, it would be necessary to admit that the rights belonging to all neutral States have received a severe blow. It is observed that the demands put forward by England are not of such a nature as to wound the dignity of the Government of the United States or of its President. The hope is expressed that these demands will be acceded by America. His Majesty the Prussian King has, it is remarked, always been animated by the most friendly dispositions towards the United States; and he has charged Count Bernstorff to express this point particularly, and to urge in the most pressing manner the maintenance of peace. Prussia would, it is added, rejoice in having contributed to avert the conflict. But if at the time this dispatch arrived at Washington a decision in the opposite sense had been unfortunately adopted, the Government of the King would nevertheless experience the satisfaction of having pronounced in favor of peace.

SPAIN.

ARRIVAL OF THE SUMTER AT CADIZ.

JAN. 5.—The privateer Sumter, with the officers and crew, forty-two persons in all, of three Federal merchant vessels which she had destroyed at sea, arrived off Cadiz, and solicited permission to enter the port.

The American Consul demanded that this request should be refused; but the Government having been consulted, the Sumter was admitted into the port without being saluted.

PORTUGAL.

A bill was presented to the cortes on the 3rd, annulling the renunciation of the right of succession to the throne made by the Infantas Dona Maria and Dona Antonia on their marriage; the former with Prince George of Saxony, and the latter with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. This bill also provides that Dom Ferdinand shall be regent in the event of the death of the King Luiz I.

So repugnant to the feelings to the Portuguese is the idea of the restoration of Don Miguel or his successors to the throne, that a bill has been introduced into the Cortes, by which the renunciation of the right of succession to the throne by the two sisters of the present King on their marriage has been annulled.

INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIA.

[BY TELEGRAPH FROM ALEXANDRIA.]

CAPTURE OF NANA SAHIB.—BOMBAY, Dec. 12.—The man who was captured at Kurachee, when trying to get away from India, was recognised by a former servant as the Nana Sahib. He was disguised as a merchant. Salabut Khan, the murderer of Major Burton, is to be hanged at Kotah. A resolution of the Governor-General creates a chief commissionerhip of the central provinces. Lieutenant Steward, of her Majesty's 28th regiment, has been murdered by his native servant, at Nasserabad.

CANTON, Dec. 30.—A *coup d'état* has taken place at Peking. The members of the Cabinet have been imprisoned. A new Ministry has been formed, under the presidency of Prince Kung.

POINT DE GALLE, Dec. 17.—Colonel Baird Smith died on the 13th inst., on board the *Candia*.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 25.—The shipments of gold since the departure of the last mail amounted to 149,430 ounces.

AMERICA.

ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

The Royal mail steamer Europa, from Boston on the 25th and Halifax on the 27th ult., arrived at Queenstown on Monday evening with seventy passengers and £21,420 in specie for England.

The Europa landed ninety-three sacks of mails, and proceeded for Liverpool at 8.45 p.m. All well.

She experienced strong easterly wind, with heavy head sea, on the passage home.

The following telegraphic dispatches were immediately forwarded.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The Europa has just arrived here. She brings nothing definite respecting the Commissioners.

A motion has been made in the Senate for the production of the correspondence respecting the Trent affair.

Several members spoke against the surrender of the prisoners.

The New York papers agree that to avoid war the demands of England would be conceded.

The Senate has passed a bill devoting 1,500,000 dols. for the construction of gunboats on the Western waters.

It is reported that the Government has decided to erect a naval depot and navy yard on Lake Michigan.

Mr. Seward has written a letter excusing himself from being present at the New England anniversary dinner. In this letter Mr. Seward says that any benefit that accrues to America increases the prosperity of Great Britain, and that every disaster befalling America is, sooner or later, pregnant with suffering to Great Britain.

It is generally reported that General Scott returns to New York, with an offer of mediation from the Emperor of the French to settle the affair of the Trent.

The news of the Prince Consort's death has caused a feeling of sadness to prevail throughout the British community in New York.

Both Houses of Congress have passed a bill making the duty on tea 20 cents, on coffee 5 cents, and on sugar from 2½ to 8 cents, according to quality. Molasses, 8 cents per gallon.

The New York Bank statement shows a decrease of specie of two and a-half millions, and a decrease of deposits of four and a-half millions.

The Persia and the Australasian were intercepted off Cape Race on the 23rd December.

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

The following additional telegram of American news by the Europa, dated New York, the 26th, was forwarded by way of Halifax.

To-day (the 26th) in the Senate Mr. Hale demanded the correspondence with England on the Trent question.

Mr. Sumner objected to this demand.

Mr. Hale stated that he had heard the Cabinet were considering the proposition to surrender Messrs. Mason and Slidell. He said also that if England had demanded the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Federal Government should declare war against England. If they were surrendered, the Senate, said Mr. Hale, would be subject to the scorn and indignation of the country, and the Administration will be hurried from power.

Mr. Hale believed that Napoleon would desire to wipe out the stain of Waterloo, and that thousands of Irishmen in Canada would join the Federal cause. Mr. Hale concluded a violent speech against England by urging war sooner than the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

Mr. Sumner urged that the consideration of the question should be delayed until it was presented in a practical form. He demanded whether there was a proof of arrogant demands on the part of England, or that the Administration had not considered the question of arbitration, and stated his belief that the matter would be honourably and amicably adjusted.

Mr. Hale's motion was tabled for future discussion.

It is generally believed that Lord Lyons has presented his dispatches.

Nothing, however, is known respecting the demands which they contain, as the Administration preserved strict secrecy on the Trent question.

The New York press argue that America is not desirous of war with England unless it is forced upon the country by the latter.

The popular feeling is hostile to England, but there is a general impression that the Trent question will be amicably settled.

The Arago has arrived out.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

NEW YORK, DEC. 26 (EVENING).

Cotton dull; breadstuffs quiet. Stock closed weak. Illinois Central, 58½; Erie, 24½.

Exchange on London: Commercial Bills, 110; Bankers' Bills, 110½.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT AT A COLLIERY.—About ten minutes past one o'clock on Monday afternoon, Thomas Green, of Birchenhead, Dunkinfield, and John Darlington of the Half Moon, Dunkinfield, Cheshire, was descending the shaft of the Victoria Pit, Dunkinfield, belonging to Francis Dunkinfield Palmer Astley, Esq., the lord of the manor of Dunkinfield, when the chain of the balance-rope was found to have given way, the accident being announced by the smashing of the top of the engine-house, and a loud noise caused by the breakage of the timber at the sides of the pit as the tub in which the men were fell down the pit. As soon as possible means were taken to ascertain the result of this fearful accident, and fortunately Mr. Barnes and Mr. Foulkes, surgeons, Dunkinfield, and Mr. Hydes, surgeon, Mottram, were almost immediately at the pit's mouth. William France, of St. Mary-street, Dunkinfield, and Thomas Carr, from Hyde, it seems, were working at the bottom of the pit, and, strange to say, Carr is not hurt at all, whilst France has his right leg most dreadfully crushed; and stranger still to say, Green and Darlington, the men who were in the tub descending the pit, though they fell some 50 yards, are not at all dangerously hurt. Green and Darlington state that whilst descending they found the balance-chain was giving way, and they immediately prepared themselves as well as they could to meet the accident by pulling their legs within the tub, &c., or there is little doubt, if not killed they would have been dreadfully hurt. France was hurt by the falling timber from the pit sides, and the medical gentlemen have little hopes of his recovery.

Home News

The Prince of Wales has presented £100 to Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has been confined to Gloucester House by an attack of gout.

His Excellency Count Wachmeister, the newly-appointed minister for Sweden and Norway, has taken a residence in Stratton-street.

The Earl Grey left town at the close of the past week for Ave, to join the Countess, who has arrived in that city from Florence. It is not the intention of the Earl and Countess to return before the first week in March.

Mr. John Bridge Aspinall, of the northern circuit, has been appointed recorder of Liverpool, in the room of the late Mr. Albert Henderson.

The far-famed Southern privateer Sumpter is reported to be off the English coast, on the look-out for American vessels.

On the 1st of February next the post office money-order system will be extended to the colonies of Victoria and Western Australia, under the same regulations as are applicable to Canada.

During 1861, thirteen insurance companies have ceased to exist; ten have transferred their business; five new ones have been founded, and nineteen projected; forty-nine are now in process under a winding-up process.

On Sunday week the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, preached in the Free College Church, Glasgow, in connection with a special appeal for the reduction of the debt on that church, when the unprecedented sum of £2,630 was put into the plate.

THE FRESCOES AT WESTMINSTER PALACE.—Mr. MacIse's large mural picture of the "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher on the field at Waterloo," upon which he has been almost exclusively engaged for the last two years, is now completed, and fixed in the place for which it was designed in the House of Lords.

THE MASONS' STRIKE.—The various lodges composing the London hands of the Operative Masons' Society, last week, under the sanction of their executive council, decided upon continuing their strike against the hour system (which has lasted now for eight months) during the remaining winter months, and until the commencement of the building season in the spring. The number of masons now on the strike books is about 300.

PRIVY COUNCIL.—ASSEMBLING OF PARLIAMENT.—The Queen held a Council on Monday, at Osborne, at which were present Earl Granville, the Duke of Newcastle, and Sir George Grey. At the Council, Parliament was ordered to be further prorogued from Tuesday, the 7th January, to Thursday, the 6th February, and a proclamation was issued for the dispatch of public business on the said Thursday, the 6th February. Mr. A. Helps, Clerk of the Council, attended.

DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BURRELL, BART, M.P.—The father of the House of Commons, the venerable Sir Charles Burrell, died on Saturday last, at his residence, Knepp Castle, Sussex. He attended to his parliamentary duties until the end of last session.

THE ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.—The case against the Rev. Dr. R. Williams, in the Archdeacon's Court, was resumed on Monday, and is not yet concluded. The speech of Dr. Robert Phillimore, on behalf of the Bishop of Salisbury, is expected to last three days.

AUGMENTATION OF ROYAL ARTILLERY.—In consequence of the recent addition to the Depot Brigade Royal Artillery, which now consists of no less than 20 batteries, the following redistribution of the force has just been carried out by order of his Royal Highness the General Commanding in Chief, viz., the first division of five batteries stationed at Sheerness; the second division, of six batteries, stationed at Woolwich; the third division, of five batteries, stationed at Warley; and the fourth division, of four batteries, stationed at Woolwich.

PRAYER MEETINGS IN LONDON.—A series of special prayer meetings are being held in Freemason's Tavern during the present week. The chief topic of the addresses and prayers is, of course, the all-absorbing question of peace or war with America, upon which the religious portion of the community have expressed their opinion in a manner worthy of the name which they bear. Sir Culling Eardley presided yesterday, and the address was delivered by the Rev. Edward Auriol.

EXTRAORDINARY FALLING OFF IN THE EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—The Government emigration officials at Liverpool have issued their annual report on the emigration from Liverpool in the past year. From this report we glean the extraordinary fact that during the past year the tide of emigration from the Mersey has undergone an enormous decrease—in fact, when compared with the year 1860, there is a decrease of about 29,000. This is attributed by the emigration officials to the deranged state of American affairs. The numbers are—1860, 83,774; 1861, 55,029. Decrease in 1861, 28,745.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—The committee for the erection of a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851 have held a meeting, at which they resolved to comply with the request made by the Prince of Wales, that he should be permitted to surmount the memorial with a statue of his illustrious father, and have, in their turn, placed at the Prince's disposal the bronze statue of the Queen, which, but for the expression of her Majesty's wish to the contrary, would have occupied the place of honour. Mr. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, has proposed the establishment of an Industrial University to commemorate the public services of his late Royal Highness.

THE PORT OF LIVERPOOL.—The Emerald, one of the finest ships in the British navy, has arrived in the Mersey, having been appointed to that station for the protection of the port. She left Plymouth on Monday morning, and escorted round two gunboats, the Amelia and the Escort. Lieutenant Edmund Hope Verney was in temporary charge of the Escort, and reached the Mersey on Thursday. Each gunboat is armed with two of Armstrong's guns, one of 100 pounds, and one of 40 pounds. They will be moored off the lighthouse, the Emerald having brought moorings for the purpose. The Emerald, 51 guns, is commanded by Captain Arthur Cumming, First Lieutenant R. Carter, Second Lieutenant Edmund Hope Verney, Third Lieutenant Charles Scott, Fourth Lieutenant Lord Walter Kerr, Fifth Lieutenant Henry Stephenson.

TRADE OUTRAGE NEAR SHEFFIELD.—On Monday, three men, named Josh. Tomlinson and Emanuel Isaac Watson, both of Chesterfield, and James Watson, of Belper, near Derby, were charged before the Rotherham magistrates with maliciously blowing up two nail-makers' shops with gunpowder, at Thorpe Hesley, near Rotherham, on the 21st ult. A number of witnesses were called to prove an *alibi*, but the Bench ultimately decided to send the case for trial to York assizes, and refused an application to bail.

CONDOLENCE WITH HER MAJESTY.—Two interesting meetings were held last week to adopt addresses of condolence to her Majesty on her late bereavement. The first was composed of Australian and New Zealand colonists, who met at the London Tavern; the other was a meeting of the inhabitants of Southwark, convened by the high Bailiff, in answer to a very numerous signed requisition.

INTERESTING LETTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales has addressed a most affecting letter to the council of the Royal Horticultural Society with reference to the statue of the Queen, which it was intended to erect in the gardens at South Kensington, as a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Prince says that it would be most hurtful to the feelings of his illustrious mother if any other statue than that of her lamented husband occupied this place of honour, and his Royal Highness, therefore, with Her Majesty's consent, offers to present to the Society a statue of the Prince Consort, that he may "testify his respectful and heartfelt affection for the best of fathers." The Prince's letter breathes throughout the spirit of filial piety and devotion, and is worthy of the position which he occupies.

THE METROPOLITAN MAIN DRAINAGE.—Last week the works for the great metropolitan main drainage were extended from the Bayswater-road, along Oxford-street, to Marylebone-lane, shafts being sunk at distances of 100 yards apart. The sewer is formed by tunnelling instead of an open cutting, thus preventing all impediments to the public traffic. Upwards of 3,000 navvies and labourers are now employed on the works for the great outfall sewer between Barking, Ham, and Stratford, and the works are rapidly approaching completion at this point of the undertaking.

THE EGLINTON TESTIMONIAL.—A very influential meeting of noblemen and gentlemen has been held at the Mansion House, Dublin, for the purpose of considering the propriety of erecting a testimonial to the memory of the late Earl of Eglinton. The Lord Mayor presided, and was supported by the Marquis of Drogheda, the Earl of Mayo, the Earl of Clancarty, the Earl of Longford, and a long array of gentlemen desirous of doing honour to the late Earl. The requisition calling the meeting was signed by 67 peers, 30 baronets, 76 members of Parliament, 95 deputy-lieutenants, and more than 200 justices of the peace.

THE NAVY.—The annual official return of the condition and situation of every vessel in the navy has just been published, under the authority of the Admiralty. From this return it is satisfactory to know that, so far as the navy is concerned, England was never in a prouder position. The number of vessels on the first of January was 856 of all rates and classes. There were, besides, 150 line-of-battle and other sailing ships stationed at various ports in England and the colonies for harbour duty, thus swelling the total to upwards of 1,000 vessels of all descriptions. Of the 860 vessels actually in commission or building or preparing for service, only 154 are sailing ships, the whole of the remainder being propelled by steam-power. The list of vessels is made up of 81 line-of-battle ships, each mounting from 74 to 131 guns; 22 vessels, each with an armament of from 60 to 70 guns; 44 51 gun frigates, the whole, with the exception of about 10 of that number, being screw steamers; 57 ships, each mounting from 22 to 50 guns, and the majority of which have a tonnage as large as ships of the line; 29 screw corvettes, or frigates, each mounting 22 guns; 317 screw and paddlewheel steamers, each carrying less than 22 guns; and 185 screw gun boats, each provided with two Armstrong guns.

THE ARTILLERY FORCE IN BRITISH AMERICA.—The last portion of the Royal Artillery under orders having embarked on Saturday, at Liverpool, for Nova Scotia, the British possessions in North America will now be garrisoned by the regiment as follows—the force having been increased from only four batteries of garrison artillery to twelve batteries of garrison, and five of field artillery, viz.:—To be stationed at Halifax: Major Hoste's G and Captain Smythe's H batteries of field artillery (12-pounder Armstrong guns), two batteries of the 7th Brigade (garrison artillery), commanded by Captain Waller and Dumaresque; and six batteries of the 10th Brigade (garrison artillery), commanded by Captains Heyman, Boothby, Field, Childs, Gabbett, and Du Plat. Stationed at Montreal and Quebec: Three batteries of the 4th Brigade field artillery (Armstrong guns), commanded by Major Penn, Captain Vosey, and Captain Leslie, and two batteries of the 7th Brigade garrison artillery, commanded by Captains Rotten and Ford. At New Brunswick: Captain Robinson's battery of the 10th Brigade garrison artillery; and, at Newfoundland, Major McCrea's battery of the same Brigade. Two batteries of the 15th Brigade garrison artillery also embarked last week, and two other batteries of the same Brigade are ordered to embark to strengthen the force in the West Indies, which, heretofore, comprised but three batteries.

AFFILIATION CASE EXTRAORDINARY.—The Magistrates sitting at Kensington Petty Sessions, held at the Holland Arms, were engaged nearly the whole of Monday in hearing an affiliation case which had given rise to much gossip in the neighbourhood. The application was made on the part of Miss Caroline Lefevre, an attractive young milliner, for an order upon Mr. R. Hempstead, described as a married gentleman, residing in Westbourne-grove, for the support and maintenance of her female illegitimate child, of which the said Mr. Hempstead was alleged to be the putative father. Mr. Martin, solicitor, appeared for the complainant, and Mr. J. H. Handley for the defendant. The complainant was examined at great length, and her evidence was to the effect that she had been an out-door apprentice at Mrs. Stock's millinery establishment, and resided with her brother, who kept a school in Queen's-road, Bayswater; that she formed the acquaintance of defendant in the street, without any formal introduction, and that an improper intimacy ensued between them on Sunday afternoons and evenings, in the months of January and February of 1861, at her brother's house, during his absence. Evidence of a corroborative nature having been adduced, Mr. Handley called a number of young ladies on behalf of the defendant, whose evidence, of consid-

able length, went to show that complainant was in the habit of walking in the company of a Spanish gentleman named Garcia, as well as in that of the defendant. Simon Pierre Gonzales, another Spanish gentleman, also bore testimony to the acquaintance of Garcia and complainant. Two of the young ladies, Miss Mann and Miss Cox, deposed that complainant had told them she was going abroad with Garcia, and also admitted they had seen her walking arm-in-arm with defendant. The magistrates, after deliberating in private for a lengthened period, adjudged the defendant to be the reputed father of the child, and made the usual order, with costs.

A MILITARY RIOT.—A number of soldiers, belonging to the Coldstream guards, assembled last week to enjoy themselves in a house on Pembroke-quay, Dublin, known as the Esplanade tavern, where they met a party of soldiers of the 87th regiment. Some altercation arose between the two parties as to the relative merits of their respective regiments. The men of the 87th regiment asserted that they had seen more hard fighting than the soldiers of the English regiment. One man of the 87th regiment asserted that the loyalty of his corps had had been proved at home and abroad, whilst the Coldstreams had been parading their hairy shakoes through the London streets. The men of the guards repudiated this assertion, and resented it as an insult. The altercation assumed an angry character, and symptoms became evident of a formidable row between the disputants. The guards and the men of the 87th all quitted the tavern, and after some rowing in the street, the men of the 87th went to their quarters in barracks, when the men of the guards, it appears, commenced smashing the glass in the windows of several houses on Ellis's and Pembroke-quays, vociferating and swearing vengeance against "Irish." A strong body of the police, under the direction of Mr. Superintendent Gernon, were soon on the spot on duty. The regimental picket of the guards was sent for, and the rioters, who were all more or less intoxicated, were escorted to their quarters at the Royal barracks. On Thursday night several soldiers belonging to both of the above regiments again met, and the disturbance was renewed. The parties were separated, and a regimental picket was sent for. Several soldiers both of the guards and the 87th regiment were taken into custody and carried off to barracks. The origin of the quarrel between the guards and the 87th is said to have been the removal of the latter regiment from their quarters in the Royal barracks, in order to make room for the Coldstream guards.

CHANGES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Many changes have taken place in the representation since the commencement of the year which has just drawn to a close. New members have been elected for the following places:—Aberdeenshire—William Leslie, Esq., in the room of Lord Haddo, who became the Earl of Aberdeen. Andover—H. B. Coles, Esq., in the room of Alderman William Cubitt, who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Banffshire—Lieutenant R. W. D. Abercrombie, in the room of Major Duff Gordon, who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Bolton—Thomas Barnes, Esq., in the room of J. Cook, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Bradford—William Edward Forster, Esq., in the room of Titus Salt, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Carlisle—Edmund Potter, Esq., in the room of the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., deceased. Cork—Nicholas Philpot Leader, Esq., in the room of Mr. Serjeant Deasey, promoted to a seat on the judicial bench in Ireland. Finsbury—William Cox, Esq., in the room of Thomas Slingby Duncombe, Esq., deceased. Flintshire—Lord Richard Grosvenor, in the room of the Hon. Thomas Edward Lloyd Moston, deceased. Leicester—William Unwin Heygate, Esq., in the room of Dr. Noble, deceased. London (city of)—Western Wood, Esq., in the room of Lord John Russell, raised to the peerage. Lincoln—C. Seeley, Esq., in the room of Major Gervaise Waldo Sibthorp, deceased. Marylebone—John Harvey Lewis, in the room of Edwin James, Esq., Q.C., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Montgomeryshire—Captain Johnson, in the room of David Pugh, Esq., deceased. Nottingham—Sir Robert Clifton, Bart., in the room of John Mellor, Esq., appointed to a judgeship in the Court of Queen's Bench. Pembroke—Sir Hugh Owen, Bart., in the room of Sir J. Owen, Bart., deceased. Pembrokeshire—George Lort Phillips, Esq., in the room of Viscount Emlin, who became the Earl of Cawdor. Plymouth—W. Morrison, Esq., in the room of Viscount Valentia, who became the Earl Mount Edgcumbe. Richmond—Sir Roundell Palmer, Q.C., solicitor-general, in the room of Henry Rich, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Selkirkshire—Lord Henry Scott, in the room of A. E. Lockhart, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Sligo—Charles William O'Hara, Esq., in the room of C. W. Cooper, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Sutherlandshire—Sir David Dundas, Q.C., in the room of the Marquis of Stafford, who became Duke of Sutherland. Tynemouth—Richard Hodgson, Esq., in the room of Hugh Taylor, Esq., who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds. Wolverhampton—Thomas Matthews Weguelin, Esq., in the room of Sir Richard Bethell, who became lord chancellor. Worcestershire (East)—Foley Vernon, Esq., in the room of H. J. Hodgetts Foley, deceased. Wiltshire (South)—Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick H. Bathurst, in the room of the Right Hon. Sydney Herbert, raised to the peerage. During the last session a third seat was given to South Lancashire, for which Charles Turner, Esq., has been returned. Birkenhead was created a parliamentary borough, and J. Laird, Esq., has been returned. By the death of Mr. George Granville Vernon Harcourt, a seat for Oxfordshire is still vacant. The following gentlemen will be entitled to take their seats at the commencement of the approaching session:—G. Turner, Esq., for South Lancashire; W. Morrison, Esq., for Plymouth; Charles Seeley, Esq., for Lincoln; Edmund Potter, Esq., for Carlisle; W. Cox, Esq., for Finsbury; Sir Robert Clifton, Bart., for Nottingham; J. Laird, Esq., for Birkenhead; Foley Vernon, Esq., for East Worcestershire; and the new member for Oxfordshire, whoever he may happen to be.

DEGRADING A RUSSIAN AUTHOR.—The *Police Gazette* of St. Petersburg has an account of the public degradation in that city of Michael Mikhaloff, found guilty of propagating writings intended to excite rebellion against the supreme power. The unfortunate man has been sent for six years labour in the mines. Mikhaloff is said to have submitted to the ceremony, which takes place on a scaffold, a sword being formally broken over his head, &c., with great courage. A subscription has been made amongst literary people of St. Petersburg on behalf of the condemned, and the sum of 4,800 crowns has been raised to enable him to take the journey to Siberia.

GALLANT ACTION OF THE FEDERALISTS NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

OUR illustration under 'the above head represents one of those dashing exploits which suits the go-ahead characters of the American seamen. In this respect we have greater faith in the water than in the land service of the Federal Government. Few incidents in the war have displayed more courage and coolness than the gallant action of Flag Boatswain A. W. Pomeroy, of the United States' frigate Niagara, in burning the rebel brig Nonsuch, under the very guns of the rebel steamer Ivy, at the South-west Pass, near New Orleans. Our picture is taken at the instant when, having succeeded in setting the Nonsuch on fire, the Federal sailors were pulling back to the Niagara. At this moment a shell from the Confederate vessel struck the boat, which, carrying away the stern, threw the officer in command and the coxswain into the water. Fortunately the accident was seen from the Niagara, and a cutter was dispatched which rescued these gallant fellows from a watery grave.

PROVISIONAL PALACE FOR THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT AT TURIN.—SEE PAGE 221.

NEARLY everything is "provisional" in Italy, just at present; and so, of course, the meeting place of the representatives of the nation is provisional also. The great question as to the future capital of Italy must be decided first, before the erection of a parliamentary edifice, worthy of the nation, can be even thought of. The question has been very much debated throughout the peninsula; but there seems to be an enormous diversity of opinion on this point. A general feeling, however, prevails that the fit and proper capital of Italy, is its ancient metropolis—Rome. There are, however, many that think that, all

things considered, Florence would be the fittest place, both politically and, what is by no means unimportant, in a sanitary point of view. Meanwhile, the Italian Parliament has been lodged in an old municipal building at Turin, not very handsome to look at—as our readers may judge from the engraving on page 221, but, we suppose, sufficiently air and watertight. As for the plainness of this parliamentary edifice, the Italians must take consolation with all the rest of Europe blessed with such buildings. The French have a very uncomfortable Greek temple devoted to the purpose; the Prussians, a dancing saloon; the Swedes, an old barn; the Austrians (young in the business), a theatre; and the English—well, we all know what Mr. Barry has built for us, and with what material, and alas! at what expense.

THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH SKATING.—SEE PAGE 216.

WE represent in one of our illustrations of to-day, a favourite pastime of the French Emperor and Empress whenever the weather is suitable. This appears to have been the case in Paris during the past week, according to the correspondence of our daily papers. One of the letters in an evening paper of Monday, and dated Saturday, states that the Emperor and Empress the previous day, about two o'clock, enjoyed the diversion of skating on the Lac de Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne. Although none but well-dressed people were admitted to the spot, the crowd of spectators was very considerable. Their Majesties mingled among the other skaters without the slightest degree of formality or constraint. The Emperor amused himself with inviting different ladies in succession to occupy his chair sledge, and giving them a turn round the lake.

THE GUARDS IN THEIR CANADIAN WINTER COSTUME.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

IN our last impression we gave the particulars of the departure of the Guards from Southampton to Canada, to be ready for action in case the news from America should be unfavourable. As the climate of Canada is usually very rigorous in winter, every measure was taken to secure the splendid body of men thus sent out from the effects of frost and snow. The experience of our military authorities in the Crimea was freely drawn upon, and the result is all that human foresight could achieve to shelter and protect the famous "household troops." Nor will the rank and file in other regiments be neglected, if we refer to the immense quantity of stores that have been sent out. Our engraving, on the front page, represents the Guards fully equipped for winter. Their bodies, next the skin, are protected by warm flannel garments of a peculiar character, eminently calculated to prevent the escape of the heat of the body. Outside of all is a massive sheep-skin coat, with the wool inside. The head and hands are protected by a fur cap, and gloves, lined with cloth of a soft and fleecy texture, the ears being covered by immense flaps, that fall over them and button under the chin. The feet are encased in huge jack boots that reach above the knee, made of strong undressed leather, soft to the feet, yet admirably adapted to keep out the cold and preserve the extremities. Altogether, the preparations against the onslaught of Jack Frost are most formidable and complete. We are indebted for our engraving on the front page to the kindness of the authorities at the military stores, Pimlico, who afforded our artist every facility for making a correct representation of the articles of costume referred to.



THE AMERICAN WAR.—FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION OF A SHELL DURING A GALLANT ACTION, NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

A SCOUTING PARTY VISITING MOUNT VERNON.

At the beginning of the contest there were fears that Washington's Tomb on the Potomac would fall into the hands of the Confederates, and be by them desecrated or held within the scope of their defences. This is not now the case, as the revered home and resting-place of the "Father of his country" is now some distance within the Federal lines, and, therefore, fully under the protection of that portion of the descendants of the revolutionary heroes who sympathize most with the principles of Government which George Washington sought to establish.

Each day considerable numbers of the soldiers find their way to the revered home and resting-place of General George Washington, and with few exceptions, conduct themselves with commendable propriety, as they roam about the deserted grounds.

Our engraving represents a scouting party who are just paying a visit to this place of American pilgrimage.

FOOT RACE FOR THE TEN MILE CHAMPION'S CUP.

THERE has lately been what may appropriately and literally be called a "run" upon the topic of pedestrianism, and the poetical interest in the exploits of Deerfoot has extended to the whole world of foot-racers. The interesting member of the Seneca tribe has relinquished his title to the Ten-mile Champion Cup, on account of his inability to prolong his stay in England for a period sufficient to allow his maintaining the trophy, according to the laws by which he gained it. Four noted pedestrians, as soon as Deerfoot's resignation was known, came forward to dispute the prize. Their qualifications for the honour of holding it were put to the trial yesterday, at the well-known running grounds of Hackney-wick. The competitors were Mills, the six-mile champion (who had out-stripped Deerfoot himself at a short distance); Brighton, the four-mile champion; Barker, of Billingsgate; and Jones, of Islington. Besides the handsome silver cup pertaining to the championship, a sum of £25 was to fall to the winner, and £4 entrance money to the second man. The men had to make the circuit of the course sixty-eight times to complete the distance; and they started at twenty-three minutes to four o'clock. Mills took the lead, and kept it to the end of the fourth lap, when Brighton got ahead



of him. In the eleventh lap Barker gave in; he had been suffering from lameness, and did not seem to have quite recovered. The race now was between Mills and Brighton; for the third man, Jones, had fallen hopelessly behind, and knocked off at the end of the 37th lap. Mills at this time seemed to have it all his own way, but he lost heart, or wind, or strength, and was obliged to succumb before he had completed his seventh mile, or just at the end of the 46th lap. Brighton then finished the ten miles at his ease, and was then proclaimed the victor. On the whole, though occasionally productive of little excitement, the race cannot be said to have been a brilliant one.

PARSON BROWNLOW, THE UNION LEADER OF TENNESSEE.

THE well-known Federal, the terror of the Confederates of Tennessee was originally a preacher of the Gospel and afterwards a newspaper, editor. He is now a General in the Federal army with considerable prestige as a fighting man. Like Germanicus of Auxora some fourteen hundred years ago, he is both soldier and preacher, and by all accounts good at both occupations. He is a man of great nerve and determination, which qualities have shown themselves forth prominently during the present troubles. He is a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel, and was also the editor of the Knoxville *Whig*. He had resided for many years in Tennessee, and has his wife, family, property and interests centred in that State. The paper which he owned was an old established journal, and we believe it was founded by himself at Knoxville. Parson Brownlow, as he is commonly called, is a man of about forty-five or fifty years of age, tall and spare built, but of a perfectly fearless disposition. The portrait furnished in to-day's columns indicates that he is a man of firmness and resolution.

Messrs. Longman and Co., have in preparation a second series of "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers," describing the excursions and explorations of members of the Alpine Club, edited by Mr. E. S. Kennedy. The volume will contain accounts of several mountains never before ascended, and a narrative of an exploration of the south-eastern districts of Iceland, which have not been visited by any traveller, except M. Gaiman, for fifty years.

AMERICAN WAR.—GENERAL BROWNLOW, THE "FIGHTING PARSON" OF TENNESSEE.



AMERICAN WAR.—SCOUTING PARTY VISITING MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W.—Oswego (accent on the second syllable). Chicago—*Shykwaw go*.
—We have mislaid the letter inquiring about the strength of our volunteer force, and forget the writer's signature. We would have answered his question earlier, but wished to inquire whether the returns for last year had been received. We find they have not. The present force is about 170,000, though we cannot speak with precision as to the exact number.

All business letters and orders for advertisements must be addressed to Mr. William Oliver, publisher, 13, Catherine-street, Strand, in whose favour Post-office orders, payable at the Strand office, must be drawn.
All communications in the literary and news departments to be addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," as above.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish to have noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed "to the Editor of the 'Illustrated Weekly News,' 13 Catherine-street, Strand, London."

NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY GOLDEN SKELETON,"
"STORM BEATEN," &c.
No. 14, this day, January 11, of
THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, 1d.,
Contains the first two chapters of one of the most powerfully written and exciting romances of modern time, entitled
THE SHADOW OF WRONG
CHAPTER I. THE SHADOW IN THE CITY.
CHAPTER II. THE SHADOW IN THE VILLAGE.
Illustrated by a popular Artist. To be continued weekly.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1862.

No man in this country has a higher sense of national honour than Lord Palmerston—no minister ever felt more disposed to resent an insult to the flag of England. Yet with all his high spirit and genuine British pluck, he is quite as anxious for peace as Mr. Bright or Mr. Cobden. He differs from those gentlemen not as to the true value of peace, but as to the best way of securing it. Christian meekness will not always turn away the wrath of an unreasonable or unprincipled foe. Blessed indeed, are the peace-makers—if their work be complete; but a peace bought by cowardice and dishonour has no stability. One of the professed peace-at-any-price advocates once contended that England had really no occasion for an army or navy, even if Napoleon III. should land at Dover, "believing," said he, "that every people were safe who would put their trust in Providence," (and keep their powder dry, he should have added). "He rested," he continued, "on the simple belief of the Bible, that the real Christian was not even to defend himself by arms, but that he must put his trust in the omnipotence of God." Every man of practical common sense knows that this is a monstrous misinterpretation of the Biblical precept of—"Unto him that smiteth thee on one cheek offer him also the other." It is absurd to take such a text literally. It is intended to moderate passion, to check the spirit of revenge; but not to forbid self-defence. We are told to "take no heed for to-morrow"—but is this meant to justify improvidence and encourage idle parents to let their children starve? We are told, too, that "from him that would borrow of thee turn not away"—ought we, therefore, to lend all we have to known swindlers? If such literal interpretations of Scriptural language were always acted upon it would justify the sarcastic saying of Machiavel, that "the Christian faith has given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust."

Nearly twenty-years ago, in a debate in the House of Commons on a motion with respect to the Treaty of Washington, Lord Palmerston observed that "there was no rational man in this country who must not feel that peace is one of the greatest blessings which nations can enjoy, and that war is one of the severest calamities that can afflict mankind. But if this be true in the abstract, and if peace in general and with all nations, ought to be the great aim of those who are charged with the government of the country, the United States is, of all countries, that with which it ought to be our object to maintain, not merely peace, but the most intimate connection." What more in favour of peace in general, and especially peace with America, could be said by Bright or Cobden? Lord Palmerston has not grown more fond of strife and bloodshed as he has grown older, nor has his sense of honour, personal or national, been blunted by that apathy or coldness which too often creeps upon the faculties as men advance towards the close of a long career. He bears the warm blood of youth in aged veins; and joins in his own person, with a rare felicity, the freshness and sprightliness of the earliest season of existence with the experience and wisdom of the latest. There is no reason to believe that Earl Russell, our Foreign Minister, is a whit less a lover of peace than Lord Palmerston.

The advance of general intelligence has almost banished duelling or private war even from the camp, and the same course has created in this country an almost universal repugnance to international warfare. We daily become more and more alive to the innumerable advantages of peace and the unspeakable horrors and calamities of war. But this feeling is in no degree effeminate or cowardly, for though there never was a

nation more devoted to commerce and all the arts of peace than the British people at this period, our neighbours well know that there is none amongst them who would be more prompt to defend themselves from injury or to avenge an insult. The rapidity with which 170,000 British volunteers lately armed and drilled themselves is a sufficient illustration of the fact. Though the British love peace they love honour better. The only Power in Europe which may be regarded as a really formidable rival of Great Britain (and not long ago we suspected her intention towards us) is now happily on the best possible terms with us. The relations between England and France are more intimate, confidential, and cordial than they have ever been at any former period of our history. The two great nations understand their mutual interests better than they ever did before; and if the Americans think to flatter and wheedle the French into the adoption of any measures hostile to this country, we think they will find themselves egregiously mistaken. M. Thouvenel's late dispatch to America may indicate of itself pretty clearly which way the wind lies. Thank God, England does not need to humiliate herself by such indirect acts as have been too often resorted to by the Americans in their endeavours to enlist the sympathies of the old enemies or new friends of England, or some of the Queen's discontented and rebellious subjects in unhappy Ireland. The late endeavour of the Americans to "shark up a list of landless resolute" by eleemosynary distributions of money there, so much more needed at home where there is not a dollar to spare from the current expenses of a nation rushing into awful and inextricable debt, was a dodge much too shallow to deceive even simple and impulsive Pat himself, though he is so often the dupe of unprincipled pretenders and demagogues in his own land. We are sorry indeed to see more than one American editor counselling the Federal Government to restore the captured Commissioners, and make any apology that may be demanded, not from a frank promptitude to grant an honourable *amende*, or to keep on terms of genuine friendship with us, but merely to give time for putting themselves into a better position to defy us, when their hands are free from home foes, and they have got up a stronger fleet! This is acting on the doctrine of expediency with a vengeance. Another American journalist coolly talks of confiscating, in case of war, all British property in charge of the commercial honour of his country. An English editor would be ashamed or afraid to insult his countrymen by such counsels as these! The avowed scheme for delay seems to justify our having insisted on a definite and final reply to our demand within a given number of days, for the trick of "procrastinated negotiation," so familiar to the diplomacy of Oriental nations, will not now answer with John Bull at home though it has often been used against his representatives with considerable success on the plains of Hindostan.

Notes

ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."—*As You Like It*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE English stage has been enriched this season with several importations from America, and we have now another welcome addition to the already strong company at the Haymarket, in the person of Miss Jane Coombs, who has made her first appearance in London in the part of *Constance* in the "Love Chase." We give her a cordial welcome. She possesses many qualifications for success upon any stage. She has a slim graceful figure, and extremely pleasing and expressive countenance, and a thoroughly sympathetic voice, with a clear intonation. She performs the part of *Constance* with much spirit—perhaps, too much—occasionally the vehemence was too like virulence. The real love looked too much like hate; and she made us feel that she would do more justice to the part of *Katharina* in the "Taming of the Shrew," than that of *Constance* in the "Love Chase." We suspect, however, that her forte is the pathetic, and the English public have yet to learn her full value as an actress in parts better suited to her peculiar powers than that of a merry, frolicking, light-hearted, impulsive young lady, or of a loud tongued vixen that would frighten a bold sportsman from a "Love Chase," or subdue and henpeck a fiery Hotspur that would rather seek the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth, than attempt to oppose her will. She is capable, we should think, of representing the gentler affections with perfect truth and a winning gracefulness; and, we hope soon to have an opportunity of hailing her success with higher and more unqualified commendation than we can yet accord her, though she has already done enough to convince us that she is an acquisition to our stage.

MUSIC.

ROSSINI'S "TITANS."

THE great feature in musical composition which has recently arrested public attention is the new and grand work of Rossini, the "Titans." After many years of most determined silence the *Gran Maestro* has broken ground with, certainly a magnificent subject, viewed in its abstract ideal, but certainly not a popular one—for now-a-days we sympathise but charily with the mythological fancies of either Greeks or Romans. This is natural enough. The Greeks had their *Culte*, and attached immense interest to all connected with it; we have ours, and an immense development of passions and interests unknown to the ancients—and popular sympathy therefore in great part ignores the Classical in favour of the Romantic. This may account for the diversity of criticism with reference to the "Titans." Some go so far as to regret that the composer of so many charming operas, and of the

"Stabat Mater" should have injured his high fame by his last production, while others see in it a vast addition to the many evidences of his insurpassable talent. The truth, however, is that the "Chant des Titans" was not done justice to. The rugged and sublime grandeur of a defiant chorus was, at the Conservatoire, devolved upon four Basses! Four! Why at our Crystal Palace they would have given it with one hundred, at least, in addition to the choral attributes. It was really too bad to put Rossini and the Titan to so Procrustean a torture. The orchestra tried hard to make up the deficiencies of the Chorus, and though not by any means sufficiently strong, yet produced very striking effects. The sonority, dragged, as it were, from the depths of musical science through the medium of violins and basses, horns and clarionets is marvellous. This arises from the art of grouping the instruments, the array of chords, and the almost, but appropriate *saragery* of the modulations. Let M. Meyerbeer look to his laurels!

The subject though grand, is, as we have already remarked somewhat recondite: but there are many passages, and there is a unity of *motif* in the "Titans" that brings it home to our business and our bosoms as a thing of human interest—and exhibits to us the power which the great composer possesses over more rugged materials than he has hitherto employed. Is there no theme analogous to that of "Robert le Diable" on which the author of "Semiramide" might be tempted to employ his newly awakened strength?

Trio (No. 3) for pianoforte, violin and violoncello. Composed by E. Selas. (Op. 46). Cramer and Co.

This is one of those compositions of a superior order which amidst much that is simply fugitive, makes its appearance in the realms of musical art. The pianoforte *allegro non troppo*, as the opening phase is especially worthy of eulogium. That difficulty to composers, the "Part 2" is well put together; but the Coda is superb for concentrated force.

The third portion of this altogether charming Sonata for three instruments, is what may justly be termed *sware*—flowing on delightfully to the end.—We hope that this clever work will have the advantage of being performed at some of our more important musical reunions.

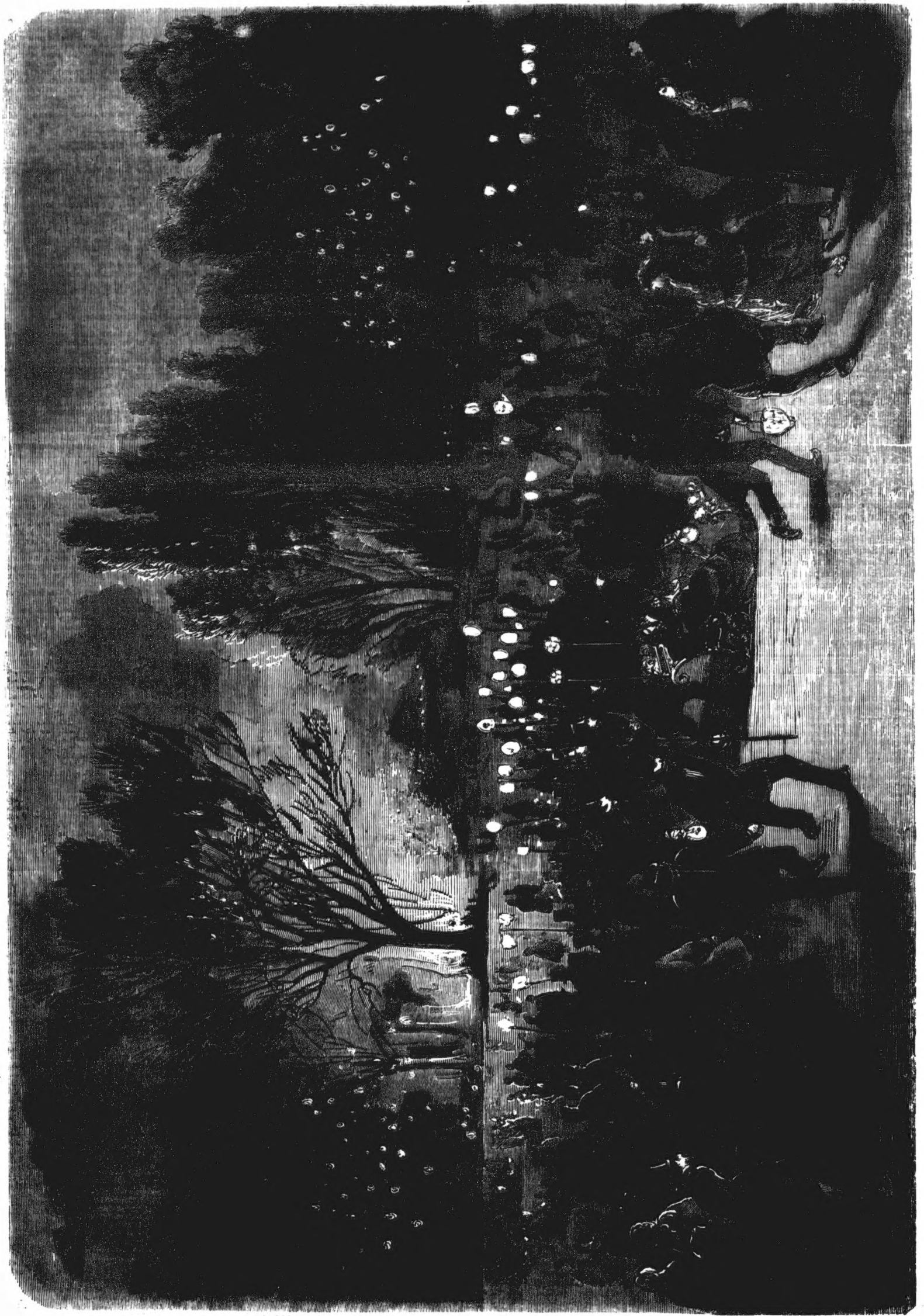
The Sisters Marchisio have appeared at Concerts at St. James's Hall, and have shown themselves well worthy of the fame which heralded their transit from Paris to London. As duettists they are probably the finest ever heard—the piano and pianissimo passages being quite indescribable for delicacy of expression. And these are in the true spirit of art contrasted with the exceeding boldness and fire of the recurring solo portions. These young ladies, having been especially noticed and approved by the Rossini, need no higher encomium.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

THERE is still nothing talked of in all circles but the extraordinary Windham affair. The case of the petitioners disclosed, and that for the defence opened in a brilliant speech from Sir Hugh Cairns. There is a general impression abroad that General Windham has broken down in his attempt to fix the doom of insanity upon his nephew, and if all that Counsel alleges for the latter be established by evidence, there can be justice but one verdict given by the jury. We notice that the Master in Chancery has condemned certain newspapers for making remarks on the evidence, so far as it has gone, but we cannot see on what grounds, considering that the remarks referred to have been in favour of the defendant, upon the evidence of the petitioners alone. Taking that for what it is worth, the general public—and we confess we are of that number—conclude that though young Windham may be concluded a foolish, ridiculous, and often vicious specimen of the *genus homo*, he is not an idiot. His letters now published sufficiently dispose of that view of his capacity, nor in sifting the evidence do we gather any evidence of that want of progress, power, or development which characterize the born imbecile, or of those illusions that haunt the brain of the lunatic. Unless we adopt the theory of the transcendental philosophers, of whom Dr. Mayo appears to be one, who, by a refined process of induction, make all men more or less insane, we cannot decide against young Windham; who, though perhaps a glutton and fond of acting the footman, the railway guard, or the policeman, as the case might be, and frequenting the Haymarket in questionable company oftener than he ought to have done, was tolerably shrewd in many business matters, and too wide awake to be caught in the settlement proposed by General Windham and his solicitors; which, if agreed to, would have been held as quite a sane act by those who want to hand him over to the tender mercies of the mad doctors. The evidence for the defence, though but partially opened, explains many of the peculiarities of eating, shouting, and "slobbering," dwelt upon so much by earlier witnesses, and the examination of several domestics acquainted with Windham's early life and his juvenile associations all lead to the opinion that there must be an acquittal from the charge which, next to a capital offence, is about the most painful which can be brought against a fellow-creature. It is astonishing how the Exchequer Court has been crowded day by day by parties anxious to hear the details, often indecent and revolting; but such is human nature. Wherever there are abnormal revelations of character and conduct, exposures of scandal and depravity, incidents of a dirty or a lascivious character, there, surely, will the well-dressed mob rush to luxuriate in the prurient details. It has been so in the present case, the rush for places being exactly proportionate to the tid-bits of a warm and exciting nature, expected to be supplied from the mouths of the accommodating witnesses. And the interest evidently increases as the inquiry proceeds: Windham, with all his defects and shortcomings, rising to the dignity of a martyr, and the petitioners sinking down to the level of heartless and selfish persecutors.

By some observations we felt it our duty to make last week relative to the proceedings in one of the discussion halls in the metropolis, we inadvertently introduced the name of a paper, as the proprietors allege, in an offensive manner. The journal referred to is the *London American*, which had reported certain speeches of Mr. Train, the well-known tram-road promoter, which called forth our animadversions. In the remarks we made, we had no intention of inferring anything against the character and respectability of the *London American*. We believe that paper to be ably and temperately conducted, and we generally sympathise with its views on the unfortunate American quarrel. What we complained of, and still object to, is, its opening its columns to speeches delivered at private debating societies—

FIRE IN THE METROPOLIS AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Friday week a fire broke out on the premises, No. 8, Fountain-court, Strand, occupied by Mr. J. Price, machine ruler, which was let out in tenements, the second floor being occupied by Mr. W. Howlett, his wife, and his infant family of four children. The first outbreak was observed by some of the inmates feeling a strong smell pervading the house of smoke mixed with sulphur. This occurred shortly after two o'clock, when the mother of the children, Mrs. Howlett, had previously gone out, leaving the children in the room, to purchase some little things to take with them to a tea party. The children were left without a fire, but fortunately some lucifer matches were left in the room, and one of the younger children, a little boy, named Frederick William, on the statement of his brother who escaped, struck a lucifer match which set fire to the bedclothes, one of the children lying on the bed at the time. Unfortunately the door was apparently locked; and it was not until Mr. Price and several other persons ran up, that the fearful extent of the calamity could be ascertained. On breaking open the door the room was found to be in a full blaze. The engines succeeded, after great exertion, in subduing the fire, when firemen George and Perry, entered the back room, found the bodies of Frederick William, aged four years and ten months; Elizabeth, aged two years and nine months; and Rebecca Hannah, aged one year and three months. The fire was confined to the premises, the destruction only arising from water and sudden extension. The following fires have also taken place. On the premises belonging to Mr. T. Mitchell, a boot and shoemaker, in the Richmond-road, Putney, which were not extinguished until Mr. Mitchell's premises, stock in trade, furniture, and other effects, were destroyed, and the adjoining property much damaged. A boy aged fifteen was burned to death on the premises belonging to Mr. Offord, cabinet-maker, No. 1, Graham-street, City-road. The building was burned down, and the contents consumed. On the premises belonging to Mr. H. Middleton, a chemist and druggist, No. 8, Church-lane, Whitechapel. The inmates managed to escape in safety, with the exception of Mr. Middleton, who was ultimately rescued by means of the fire escape. The greater portion of the premises and their contents was destroyed. Also in one of the railway arches, numbered 218, in Russell-street, Brompton, in the occupation of Mr. Sharp, a hatter.



FRENCH IMPERIAL PARTY SKATING IN THE BOIS DE BOLOGNE, NEAR PARIS.



FRENCH IMPERIAL PARTY SKATING IN THE BOIS DE BOLOGNE, NEAR PARIS.



THE SHADOW OF WRONG.

A ROMANCE.

By the Author of "My Golden Skeleton," "Storm Beaten,"
"A Heart Struggle," &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHADOW IN THE CITY.

SEPTEMBER night. The rain falls at intervals from bars of ragged fleecy cloud; and the lights of the city broaden to liquid moons in the bosom of the dark river. The rain sobs, and all else is hushed—save the rattle of an occasional cab conveying stray wassailers from Cremorne or Vauxhall, homeward; or the cry of a lost woman in a distant street; or the measured tread of a policeman. The rain, splashing gloomily on the pavement, drags up the mud from unseen sinks and dens, and scatters it about pollutingly. Rain everywhere, mud everywhere—in low-lying Belgravia, in grimy St. Giles, in the dismal purlieus of the park. The theatres are emptied; the last oyster-shop is closed; the last drunken reveller has reeled home and to bed. The big heart of the city is hushed for a time; and London sleeps the sleep of a slimy monster, wallowing in the slush and mud.

Yonder man, plodding slowly along the streets, eyed suspiciously by the passing policeman, mutters to himself words which show his discontent with the present state of affairs. He is no stranger to the great city; but he has travelled far across seas, and long years have elapsed since he last walked London streets. He fumes and frets internally; he is drenched to the skin; his teeth chatter; his limbs ache. He shuffles on to some unknown destination. Cordieu, that twelve odd years should have passed since he touched the mother soil, and that he should return to it under such circumstances—peniless and starving.

Twelve odd years of restless toiling search in the bowels of the earth for gold. Twelve odd years of drunken brawl, crime, and lurking in the bush. Twelve odd years of misery without repentance, of sorrow without atonement, of cruelty without peace. Twelve odd years of sickness, and starvation, and thirst, and cold. Twelve odd years of petty scraping and thieving. Twelve odd years of ceaseless wandering up and down the world, with the brand of shame on his brow—homeless as Ahasuerus, hopeless as fallen Lucifer. Twelve years more added to the countless years of a world that shall go on aching, throbbing, toiling, aspiring, burning, like the great heart of man, until the beginning and the end shall unite in the eternity men fear or hope for. Twelve more years of births, deaths, and marriages; of dirty squalid misery in the city alley; of fat, sleek prosperity in the gentleman's mansion.

He shuffles on, with his mission of good or evil close hid in his own breast. Now in the shade, now under the glare of the lamps. A tall gaunt figure, big-boned, and muscular, sloping at the shoulders; clad in rough blue seaman's trousers and pea-coat, a broad wide-awake hat, gaudy shabby scarf, and boots which are anything but waterproof. A pale bloated face, with bloodshot eyes, and thick sensual lips; red bushy beard, moustacho, and hair, threaded here and there with gray. A haunting face, on which that sin which is unsoftened by repentance has left its horrid marks—a face, some would say, with the gallows mark on it—a face at which little children would shudder with instinctive fear and loathing. Yet its

deformity is not of that gross vulgar kind which we denominate as simple ugliness. It is bloated and marred, but it has once been handsome. The features are regular; the eyes finely set; the forehead lofty. Its peculiarity is that moveless cynical sneer of the lip which, mingled with the fierce light of the eyes, shows the man of the world—the once clever man, the reckless man at heart. The sneer never leaves those lips; it is a part of their formation. The eye never loses that fierce light—a light once soft and deceptive, perhaps, but kindled by sin to fire.

The man may be old or young, or neither. He is thirty at the least; he is sixty at the most. Of what account are the measured years of time to the immeasurable age of the man's heart?

A certain grace of movement, conspicuous through all that shuffling gait, and in spite of those rough garments; a softness, not mental or moral, in the mobile lines of the chin, and in the small discoloured hands; a refinement of language in the words he mutters as he hurries along, convince you that the man has seen better days. The fierce light in the eyes, the swollen features, the brute force of manhood pervading all, convince you that the man has left these better days behind him, to become the slave of innumerable demons, and that the maddest and most potent of these has been the demon of drink.

What a thing he seems, creeping along under the dark heavens while all is still, and gloomy, and dead! What a lost, homeless, and miserable worm. How the rain beats down upon him, splashing and drenching him, blinding him, choking him, smiting him into unnatural heat, until he plods along like a half-drowned dog, with a dog's curses and growls. How the very mud splashes up to defile him and plaster his feet to the soaked earth, to which his wretched worn-out body is so much akin. How the lamps mock him with their flickering light, reminding him of indoor comforts and warm fires. How the wind tussles with him, snatches at him, plucks him this way and that, and takes away his breath. How the rain and the mud, and the lamps and the wind, combine to make a mock of him, to heap him with an outer filth, by which, when the storm clears away, the starry eyes of night may recognise him, and in that aching blind soul of his see a degradation to which the mud looks white as milk.

He is now creeping along a great thoroughfare, where, in the day time, the world does business with a rattle and roar of vehicles, and a sparkle of shop windows. He turns off by a narrow lane, slushy and lampless, and feels his way along the darkness. A broad stream of light falls across the lane. The man enters an open door, and approaches a dirty bar. It is one of those night houses which are kept open for the use of compositors, and what stragglers from home who may chance to call. He stands at the bar, bearded, muddy, and wretched. He spends his last shilling on brandy: it seems to put new life into him. From the half-open door of a large room come the sounds of jingling glasses and loud voices. The man looks in the direction of the room, and the slight habitual sneer broadens. He draws from his breast pocket a greasy piece of paper, which he looks at with the sneer still on his features:

Jonathan Jeffcock,
9, Love-lane,
Kentish Town.

He chuckles. The inspection gives him satisfaction. That little address, he thinks, is as good to him as a small cheque on the Bank of England. So he swaggers out of the bar, shaking himself like a wet dog.

"Rum customer that," says the landlord, with a wink to one of his habitués.

"Rather," replies the other, as he drinks off his pot of beer.

The man lounges down the lane, and again into the great thoroughfare. The drink has changed him somewhat. He is more erect; he swaggers more in his walk; and there is a smile on his face. The rain ceases now, and the wind begins to tear open the floating clouds. He pursues his way northward, through the heart of the city, pausing now and then as if to collect his thoughts.

"The same, ever the same," he mutters; "no change for the better or for the worse. Will this hag of a city never change (as we poor devils of men change) till its fate grows blacker and fouler? Bah! What did I expect? Butterflies—bed of roses—down to lie on! By heaven, though, anything is better than that cursed country, where every rogue is as wise as his neighbour, and where the rogue with the strongest arm gets the golden prize."

He trudges along more briskly, shaking with cold and rubbing his hands together fiercely.

"Once more," he said "I shall come face to face, and once more he and I shall go shares in the good things of this world—curse him! Humph—he's fat and sleek by this time, I dare say; richer than ever too, doubtless. He little thinks that there is such a ghost as I wot of, to startle him in his easy chair till he drops his golden nuggets—ay, and to help him to the grave if need be. What a theme for those chaps at the clubs to talk about and for me to laugh at. Dead and buried, dead and buried, and arisen again to slip into the nest the old bird has feathered for himself."

The notion tickles him and he grins from ear to ear. It is a peculiarity of our friend that he never laughs outright, not even when this smile is sneering, and sickly instead of cruel and gross. His nearest approach to a laugh is a low chuckling sound which seems to come up from the depths of his chest. By this time he is out of the dirtier part of the town, and is shuffling along through a number of a stunted squares, the trees in which have faded in the smoke blown northward from the rush of the sleeping city. He passes next into a dirty suburb. The houses are small and dingy, with little shabby gardens before them, where no grass ever grows. The man lounges down a street filled with small respectable cottages, some of them adorned with door plates and knockers. At one of these he knocks and rings boldly, smiling to himself at the unsensationalness of his visit. He has knocked thrice and rung thrice and muttered countless anathemas on the heads of those within, when he hears a footstep coming stealthily along the passage. He knocks more loudly than ever, and peeping through the keyhole sees a light approaching. The door is opened without a word and swung back about a foot on its chain. A woman's face shaded by a thin worn hand, peers out.

"Wha's there?" inquires a low voice in broad Scotch.

"Open the door, Jeanie, my woman, to a friend from the other side of the seas."

An exclamation, half of surprise, half of fear, bursts from

the woman, who immediately withdraws the door-chain and admits the stranger. He swaggers into the lobby; the woman holding up the candle looks at him with a stupefied expression on her face, without speaking. The man approaches close to her; she starts away. He frowns and mutters to himself:—

"First welcome to the old country don't seem particularly warm."

"Come here," says the woman at length, and with a slight tremor apparent in all her movements she leads him into a dingy little parlor. Setting the candle on the table she looks him inquiringly in the face, muttering as if speaking to herself:—

"O, but ye're changed, changed—is it yourself I see?"

"I suppose so," says the man, throwing himself into a seat, "twelve years knocking about don't serve to make a man younger or bonnier."

"I kent ye in a minute, though, for I aye said ye would come."

The man laughs and looks searchingly at the speaker. She is neither comely nor ugly, but she is both sickly and careworn. The face sallow and thin, but the features well-formed. The figure tall and thin, clothed in a coarse nightgown over which several petticoats have been hastily thrown. The man gazes at her keenly. Suddenly he bursts into a hoarse laugh.

"Go and fetch your husband," he says; "and let me have a fire and something to eat, quick. I shall stay here till morning."

The woman passes silently out of the room, overcome with the surprise of that meeting.

"Lumph," growls the man to himself; "I remember the day when Jeanie Macpherson was as good-looking a girl as one would wish to meet. But now—bah, her husband's a brute."

There is a bustling and talking outside, and the brute makes his appearance. He is a small old man of fifty or so; with a pug-nosed face, like red wood, and a figure inclined to corpulence. He looks dirty and frightened. On seeing his visitor he turns dirty white, and sinks into a chair overpowered. The visitor laughs. The brute rises from the chair and advances timidly.

"It can't be—it is—no!—Yes, it is!—Gil—"

"Stop, there," cries the visitor, with another loud laugh; "Richard Crofts for the present, Jonathan."

"Crofts, Mr. Crofts," gasped Jonathan; "This is indeed—hum—an unexpected meeting."

"And as unpleasant as unexpected, I dare say—nay, don't contradict me. You're not over glad to see me, Jonathan; You wish me at the bottom of the sea, Jonathan; you think me rather a dangerous card to play with at this late hour in the day, Jonathan—Bah, you're a fool!"

Apparently at his wit's end what to say or do, Jonathan, who sits gasping in a chair, growing redder and woodener every minute, makes a tremulous inquiry as to his visitor's health.

"I'm much the same as I used to be; stout and hale, my man, but older, of course, and with more of the devil in me than ever. I'm a good bit altered since we last met; for I've been hard put to for a living, and I've swallowed rather more brandy than was good for me. Never mind, here I am with a whole budget of news for your ear. But in the first place, Jonathan, I'm hungry."

"Jeanie!" cries Jonathan, in a tone of despair. Jeanie answers the call, carrying in her hands wood and coals.

"Light the fire, and get the gentleman something to eat."

The woman kneels down on the hearthrug, and proceeds to obey her husband's order.

"In the next place," growls Mr. Crofts; "I'm thirsty."

Whereupon Jonathan hits upon an original observation.

"Anything we have in the house is at your service, Mr. Crofts."

Which remark he follows up by producing a bottle of gin, and glasses. Mr. Crofts filled his glass as the fire began to blaze up, and Jonathan follows his guest's example.

"Ah," muttered Mr. Crofts, as he eyed his glass, "It's been both the blessing and the curse of many a worse fellow than I; but it's better than French brandy. It's the stuff for a strong man—eh, Jonathan?"

Jonathan nods. Then Jeanie quietly proceeds to lay the table, placing upon it an array of cold meat, bread, &c. As she turns to leave the room Mr. Crofts jumps up, and catching her firmly by both hands, draws her towards him, looking keenly into her face all the while. The woman meets his eye humbly, not boldly. Jonathan fidgets nervously.

"Where's your welcome, then. Have you forgotten me, old woman—eh, or do you bear malice?"

"I dinna ken," replied Jeanie, quietly.

"You don't know—don't you," growls Jonathan, apologetically, "Can't you say you're glad to see Mr. Crofts back again, you know—you are, you know—and have done with it."

"Bah," cries Mr. Crofts, releasing her, "you were always a pig-headed woman, and I see Jonathan hasn't improved you for the better. Go your ways, I shall have more to say to you by and by."

The woman leaves the room, apparently quite bewildered, and the door closes upon the two men. There is a long pause. Then there is a long conversation in which Mr. Crofts seems to have the best of it, and to bully his unfortunate host into something which he does not care about. At length Mr. Crofts declares himself ready to retire for the night. Jonathan takes the candle from the table, and conducts his guest up a small staircase and into a small bedroom. From a chest of drawers he takes some clothes, which he places on a chair ready for his guest to put on. That gentleman instantly jumps into the bed, and with a grunt "good night," falls fast asleep.

Jonathan, with a gloomy expression on his face, returns to the dingy parlour. He there finds his wife cowering by the side of the fire. He says nothing for a few moments, but sits down in a chair apparently lost in thought. Suddenly he exclaims with a savage appeal to the woman:—

"Here's a pretty state of matters." She lifts up her head with a slight snarl.

"I kent it man, I kent it; what ha'e I tell't ye again and again. The word ha'e come true, an' he has come back to bring misery on us a'."

"Hang him," growls the wooden old gentleman, "I thought he was in his grave."

"Och man, a cat has nine lives, an' sae has the devil's bairns. Puir man he's awfu' changed."

Jonathan looks at her querulously; then, shaking his fist close to her face, he said,

"Hold your tongue."

She crouches before the fire with the red light on her pale sickly face, while her husband continues to glare at her suspiciously, until the glare subsides into a glow, and the glow into a wink, and he drops off to sleep. The woman continued to warm her thin hands at the fire, and to look thoughtfully into the blaze, muttering to herself "changed, changed, awfu' changed." Then a dim thin streak of light creeps into the room through a chink in the shutters, and falling upon her face, fades in the blaze of the fire. It is daylight.

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW IN THE VILLAGE.

The shadow passed away from the bosom of the great city, and glided over hill and valley, until it fell on the dark face of Benjamin Brogden, Esq., M.D., at the village of Caverford, in Kent.

Very skilled was Dr. Brogden in the physical maladies that flesh is heir to; very skilled was he also in the moral and mental maladies of men and women; and he put his knowledge of the mind and body to wonderful uses. He was a quack, and in his boyhood had been a slave. Escaping from thralldom, he had gone direct to Canada, where his case was ventilated among the clergy of the various churches. He made friends; and once possessed of these, he soon taught them to perceive that he possessed extraordinary abilities, and that these abilities directed themselves almost unconsciously to the study of medicine. He was supplied with money wherewithal to educate himself at the university of Montreal; and he afterwards, with courageous industry, eked out his slender allowance by doing duty by night as a policeman. "Black Brogden," they called him at college—partly from his complexion, and partly because he was isolated in position and reserved in character. In due course of time, he took his degree with honours, to the no small surprise and chagrin of his fellow-students, who, although Canadians, looked down upon coloured people with an ill-disguised feeling of superiority, and had very little real sympathy with Exeter Hall philanthropy. Shortly afterwards, he set sail for England, and immediately after his arrival disappeared for some years. On his reappearance, he set up in business as a qualified medical practitioner, at the little village of Caverford, aforesaid.

Caverford, being the centre of many residences of the landed gentry, is rather conservative; and the appearance of a new doctor, in the person of a man of colour, was at first looked upon as an unpardonable innovation. Before long, however, the knowledge and skill of Brogden, displayed in several very extreme cases, caused the tide to turn in his favour; and, as country people generally go to extremes in these matters, he soon became the *sirore*. Old Dr. Dornier, who for many years had absorbed the entire practice of the neighbourhood, found his patients gradually slipping away from him; and, being of a sensible disposition, gave up the ghost at the right moment, and left his widow a comfortable independence. Thenceforth, Benjamin Brogden, Esq., M.D., reigned supreme—the lord of birth and death in a place where the women were fruitful. He became the idol of the married ladies, and the friend and confidant of happy fathers. He made money. The young ladies began to set their caps at him—to lure him on to the intricate maze of matrimony; but he was not a prize to be easily won. One fine day he played a bold and dangerous stroke, by bringing down a young lady, a stranger, and introducing her to the society of Caverford as his wife. Society was offended for a week—it was strongly inclined to deny to the married man the support it had given to the bachelor; but the cholera passing by just then, society swallowed its pill and resigned itself patiently to the healing hands of its physician. Very little was seen or heard of Mrs. Brogden; but she was known as a pale, quiet creature, very pretty, and a great many years younger than her husband. She was an invalid; but society never forgave her for marrying its doctor. The Doctor himself was very popular. As he increased in years, his natural reserve had worn off, and latterly he became a model of gentility and urbanity. He mixed himself up a good deal in public matters; and wrote long letters to the *Times* on great poisoning cases and on the evils of tobacco-smoking. He was an author, too, and published in the *Lancet* a number of admirable papers on vaccination. But it was among the simple villagers of Caverford that he was most esteemed. Liberal to the poor, and ever ready to attend the sick-bed of the veriest pauper, he could not fail to be respected and loved. The same popularity followed him into the gentlemen's houses. Lady Harriette Noel, whom he treated for neuralgia, described him as a truly admirable person. The rich widow Bumpa, whose husband went mad and died in the attempt to double a fortune of twenty thousand pounds—accumulated in the coal trade—thought him a duck of a man, and would have married him at a moment's notice had he been single. Mrs. Vanhemigh Vane would come all the way from London, during the season, to consult her pet adviser on so trivial matters as an attack of toothache or influenza. So it is not surprising that Dr. Brogden thrived, nor that people said he might have thriven a good deal better but for that useless encumbrance, an invalid wife, who would never bear him any children to comfort his old age. It was a pity, certainly. Did he himself begin to think that young wife of his a drag, and to grow cold towards her, and to wish she were out of the way? Perhaps. There was Miss Joice Harwood, daughter of the retired naval officer, Capt. Harwood, who was beautiful, who had large sums of money in her own right, and who would no doubt have accepted the hand of so admirable a gentleman as the Doctor; for Brogden found out long before his marriage that his complexion did not injure him in the eyes of women; that, on the contrary, it was novel, and rather a recommendation. He was certainly handsome, and the dark, tawny hue of his skin, which he kept fastidiously clean on all occasions, made him look romantic. There was a confident boldness about his manner which charmed the sex; they felt that he was courageous, reliable, and they knew that he was clever. Was he a good man? I don't know. The question is a difficult one to answer; and most sensible men, when it is put personally to them, refer it to their wives. What was Mrs. Brogden's opinion of her husband? Could that have been ascertained, no doubt we might come to some intelligible conclusion. Mrs. Brogden, however, had no opinions, or, which comes to the same thing, she was supposed to have none; and even had she possessed them, she would never have attempted to arbitrate on so difficult a subject as the character of her husband. She kept her place; little was asked at her hands. All she had to do was to be ill, to become pale and dull, and to be tenderly nursed by the worthy man, her husband. He

was stupidly fond of her, the Doctor. People said that he would never recover the shock if she were to die. Comme ça!

Ainsi va le monde. Because Dr. Brogden was devoted to his young wife, people thought him a dear, ill-used creature. Had he, on the other hand, neglected the invalid, people would have called him a brute.

So the shadow passed out from the city and fell on Brogden's dark face, as he rode leisurely and slowly along the country road, in the direction of the residence of Captain Harwood, R.N. It was a bright, clear September morning, and the rain, which had fallen fitfully during the night, sparkled to the sun from the wet stubble and the slanted sheaves. The almost bare hedges murmured under the touch of a sharp low wind, which crept upward here and there to the trees by the roadside, and plunged down again to the ground in a whirl of russet leaves. The road along which the Doctor was riding wound along by farm-houses and fields, with here and there a gentleman's mansion standing in the midst of its own grounds; and it roughened here and there into small hills, on the shoulders of which the hop-ricks were gathered darkly. A mile behind the Doctor, as he rode, was his large, finely furnished cottage, surrounded by its large garden, and in one of the chambers lay the Doctor's lady, languidly awakening from a fretful sleep. The shadow passed over her face where she lay, before it reached her husband, and when it was dark upon her he was saying to himself:—

"Die! I will it. Die! Under my ban, you cannot live. Die! I will it. You must die!"

An expression of iron purpose sat in his eye, and he waved his hand backward with a strange movement. A rustic lounged past, and immediately the fierce look gave place to a benign smile, as the Doctor greeted the man heartily and by name.

"A rare good man, the Doctor, with a heart to feel for poor folk," thought the rustic. So the Doctor pricked his spurs into his horse and trotted on, saying in his heart again, with the same iron smile, "Die!"

A handsome man, Brogden, and not old; he was forty at the most. A dark, handsome face, with prominent aquiline nose, a firm mouth, fine flashing eyes; a figure tall and firmly knit, sinewy, and of great physical strength. He wore a large bushy beard and thin moustache. He was plainly dressed in a complete suit of black, which fit him closely, and large riding boots with spurs, were drawn up to his knees—quite the gentleman.

Two miles further on, he turned off by a lane, and halted, lastly, at the gate of a porter's lodge. Dismounting, he rang the bell loudly, and the summons was answered by an old man who opened the gate.

"Good morning, Doctor," said the man respectfully, touching his hat.

"Good morning, Thomas."

With a kindly smile, the Doctor gave the reins of his horse to the man, and stood tapping the toes of his boot with his light riding whip.

"Is your master at home?" he asked.

"Ay, sir."

"Very well. I'll walk up the avenue; and as I shall not remain many minutes, perhaps you will oblige me by holding my horse until I return. Thank you. By the way, Thomas, have you had any tidings of Sarah?"

The old man shook his head sadly; and the doctor patted him on the shoulder—a kind sympathy.

"Nay, cheer up, Thomas! we shall yet recover the runaway, and perhaps matters are not so bad as we fancy."

"She were allays a good darter to me, Doctor, afore this trouble came on; but wife have been afeared about her this year past. Na; she have gone into shame, and we shall hear no more on her; but she were a good child, I say, and it's a sore trouble for them as held her dear. She were too bonnie to be safe in this wicked world, sir."

"A bad world, Thomas, full of trouble and heartache; but the Lord is just and will make all right in the end. Listen! I have renewed my inquiries, and have reason to believe that she proceeded direct to London. If so, we shall yet find her hiding-place, and ascertain if your suspicions be really correct."

"Thankee, thankee. Ah, Doctor, if all folk were like you, the world would be better for them as live and suffer in it."

The Doctor deprecated the compliment, and walked on, smiling angelically until lost to sight among the trees. Turning at a curve of the avenue, he saw a small mansion, with a clean shaven lawn. He was muttering as he walked up to the door. He knocked, the door was opened, and he entered. He was shown into a prettily furnished parlour, the window of which looked out upon the lawn. The room was empty, and he walked up to the window, whence he looked in the direction of his home, with the same mysterious words on his lips and in his heart. There was a movement behind him, and he turned. Before him stood a pale young girl of nineteen—a very handsome girl, with fine dark eyes, a firm, almost a sharp mouth, dark curling hair, and a tall slight figure. She was plainly attired in a dark morning gown, quite without ornament of any sort.

They shook hands in silence.

"And how does my patient find herself this morning?" said the Doctor, not looking her in the face.

"Thank you, Doctor, I am much better."

As she spoke, he lifted his large brilliant eyes to hers; she coloured slightly, and looked nervously at the ground. He took her thin white hand, and, still watching her intently, felt the pulse. She trembled as he did so; as he drew his hand away, their eyes met, and there was a strange fire in both.

"You are still far from strong, Miss Harwood," said Brogden; "and as this weather is most unseasonable, I must insist upon your remaining indoors for a few days longer. You will soon be strong and hearty, if you continue to take the medicine I gave you. It is a gorgeous tonic."

"Pray, Doctor, how is Mrs. Brogden, to-day?"

A sad gloom fell on his face at these words, and he turned his head aside, as if to conceal his grief and agitation.

"Alas, madam, there is no improvement in that quarter. My poor Emily still sinks, defying all the skill which I can bring on her behalf. I fear that there is not a shred of hope."

"Would it not be advisable to take another medical man's advice?" asked Joice, with some hesitation.

"I have already done so. Useless! Besides, Miss Harwood, you know what an egotist I am, how confident I am in my own skill, and what little faith I have in medical men as a class. There is such infinite ignorance among them and so little principle, that I decline to trust my wife's life in other hands than

my own. If love and knowledge can save her, trust to me for the life I hold dearer than anything else in the world."

Miss Harwood was silent. The Doctor's eyes were still upon her, and it was evident that she felt agitated in his presence. She seemed to respect and to esteem him, and yet to fear him. After a pause, she looked up again into his face and met his gaze courageously; but in a moment she quailed.

"I will fetch my uncle," she said, moving out of the room. Once again alone, Brogden smiled strangely and looked again in the direction of his home. A few moments afterwards, Miss Harwood returned, accompanied by a tall, gray-whiskered, military-looking gentleman, attired in a finely ornamented dressing-gown. His face was thin and pale, but the eye and nose were bold and handsome. He shook hands, languidly enough, with the Doctor, and made an inquiry respecting his niece's health. The answer was satisfactory. After some conversation, the Doctor shook hands and took his leave.

"Poor Mrs. Brogden!" exclaimed Joice, as he left the house. "The Doctor has little hope that she will survive."

"He seems terribly cut up about her," returned Captain Harwood. "Ah, my dear, our Doctor is an admirable man and a model husband—devoted, we know, to that poor creature. Clever, too; why, he would have made his fortune long ago had he practised in London. You know how wonderfully he treated me for my unfortunate liver complaint, that little relic I brought with me from India. Galen was nothing to him, I am sure. Moreover, it has never been my lot to meet a better-bred gentleman. What a deuced pity it is that he is a man of colour."

In the meantime, the man of colour walked swiftly down the avenue, with a strange triumph in his eyes.

"The charm works!" he muttered. "A little more time, and I shall gain my object with scarcely an effort. Poor Emily."

Again he waived his hand in the direction of home, and again he muttered the one word, "die!" Arrived at the lodge, he mounted his horse and rode off hastily. The shadow grew darker on him as he rode.

The day was spent in visiting patients, or in calling on acquaintances; and it was evening before he reined up at his cottage door, and gave his horse to the groom.

"Rub him down well, Sam, and let him have plenty to eat," he said to the groom. "He's done a good day's work, and deserves to have his reward."

The groom led the horse to the stable, thinking to himself what a tender-hearted considerate gentleman he had for a master. The Doctor was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and he had once led the prosecution against a ploughman who was charged with cruelly beating a horse with the butt-end of his whip. Certainly, an admirable man, this Doctor. He entered the house quietly by means of a latch-key, and passed into his laboratory. Here he found a very good-looking young man, who was engaged in making up medicine. This was George Linley, his assistant, who had been with the Doctor for only a few months.

"Good evening, George. Here I am at last."

"Good evening, Mr. Brogden," returned George, quietly.

"Busy, I see. Come, I cannot condemn you for want of industry, at any rate. There! put on your hat to have a stroll; I can see you look fagged. You are free for the evening."

With a few words of thanks, Linley left the room. He was a stout, fair-whiskered young fellow of five-and-twenty, and wore his hair long like a girl. He had talent.

Left alone, the Doctor threw himself into an easy chair, and seemed lost in thought. Thus he remained for many minutes. Then he arose, took from one of the drawers a small phial, and let several drops fall into a wine glass, which he afterwards filled up with water. He then drank the contents hurriedly, resented himself, and rang the bell. A middle-aged woman answered the summons.

"How is Mrs. Brogden?" he asked. "Is she asleep, or should I disturb her if I went to her?"

The answer was that the poor lady was fast asleep, and had better not be disturbed.

"Very well; I will wait. Bring me some coffee and a biscuit or two, at once."

Having partaken of this refreshment, the Doctor busied himself among his drugs, with the methodical manner of a man who had a purpose to serve in looking over them. He opened and examined the contents of several drawers and medicine chests, and then murmured:—

"Linley is trustworthy, and does not go prying into my secrets. Had he anything of the spy in him, I should long ago have detected him. He will do!"

He seated himself again, and, leaning his face forward, pressed his eyelids heavily with his hands. Two hours passed thus, and he did not move. Then a knock aroused him. It was the domestic, come to tell him that Mrs. Brogden was awake, and had asked for her husband. The Doctor arose and uncovered his face; and now his eyes seemed full of strange, fixed brightness.

"What strange eyes he has," thought the servant, as he left the room.

The Doctor mixed some medicine in a tumbler, and carried it with him to the back of the house. The sick room was on the ground floor, and the window looked out upon the garden. The Doctor entered noiselessly. It was a large room, faintly lit by a large lamp; but the moon had arisen in the skies, and one of its beams fell coldly through the uncurtained window. On a large bed in the centre of the room lay a woman, still very young, but thin and pale. Her light yellow hair fell loosely about the pillow, and the blue eyes were closed, as if in sleep. Placing the medicine on a chair, the Doctor drew to the side of the bed.

"Emily!" he said, softly.

The blue eyes opened, turned languidly on the speaker, and then the lady shuddered. She stretched out a thin hand over the coverlet, and smiled faintly. The Doctor took the hand, kissed it, and sat down by the side of the bed.

"Are you better, dear?"

"I do not know," said the lady, in a low, listless voice.

He stooped over the bed and kissed her. She put her arms around his neck, wildly, and returned his kisses.

"Benjamin!"

"Yes, Emily."

"Are you sure you wish me to live—sure you still love me?"

"God knows, love, how precious you are to me, and how I should feel your loss."

"Kiss me again."

As he drew his lips from hers, she held her arms around him, and looked him in the face. What a burning radiance lit up those fixed dark eyes, and how brightly they glared from the coloured face. As the lady looked into them, she shuddered again, and hid her face on the pillow.

"Take your eyes away, Benjamin," she moaned. "I am frightened, frightened."

And she rose to a sitting posture in the bed, and gazed around her as if bewildered. Turning her face to the window, through which the moon was seen, she screamed loudly, and fell back.

"Look!" she cried.

The Doctor turned hastily, and saw, or seemed to see, a dark face, with open bright eyes, gazing in at him through the window.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WINDHAM INQUIRY.

The first stage in this extraordinary inquiry is concluded. The case for the prosecution has closed, and the defence has been opened in a brilliant speech by Sir Hugh Cairns. The general impression out of doors is that the case will break down. Not much importance is attached to the earlier witnesses examined, who are looked upon as to some extent brought to give their evidence under suspicious circumstances. We give an abstract of the leading and more important evidence adduced towards the close as most material to the issue:—

The characters of the witnesses are of a very diversified kind, and their evidence gives the public glimpses of most remarkable phases in social and semi-public life, with which they have hitherto been totally unacquainted. Witness, for instance, the evidence given by ex-servants of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, which showed that for a few shillings and two or three bottles of wine, the lives of hundreds of passengers were placed freely in the hands of a half-drunken, half-stupid personage—to say the least—like Mr. Windham.

Mr. Reynold, a solicitor, of Great Yarmouth, had seen Mr. Windham at the Cambridge station, dressed in the costume of a railway guard, with a whistle, belt and pouch. At Ely junction he had seen Mr. Windham in the parcels van, sorting parcels for Peterborough and Ely, and delivering them to the porters on the platform. He considered Mr. Windham to be incapable of managing his affairs, from seeing his behaviour in society, and at a ball, and hearing him on one occasion at a musical party making absurd noises on the staircase.

Charles Brown, 30, A. division, considered Mr. Windham a man of weak and unsound mind, because he was in the habit of shouting in the Haymarket, and wanting me to lock up women. He would say, "Here, policeman, lock up these two women." I said "What for?" and he would reply, "There are too many women about here; and I won't have so many."

Mr. Dire, salesman to Emanuels, the jewellers, of Brook-street, was examined to show that Mr. Windham was imbecile because at various times he bought jewellery to the amount of £13,785, for which he gave acceptances. Most of the articles purchased were presents to Miss Willoughby. The witness admitted, however, that he always preferred precious stones, as they were always valuable. He always exercised what I thought a sound discretion in his purchases. He perfectly understood what he was doing.

The chief evidence, however, was that of Dr. Winslow and Dr. Mayo.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, after two interviews with the patient, admitted that if he had met him with his mind *a tabula rasa*, he should have been loth to form the opinion that he was imbecile; and he adds, "But the truth is, that independently of the data, supplied to me by Mr. Field (the solicitor for the petitioners), and of certain circumstances which I assumed to be true, I had no means of testing Mr. Windham so as to arrive at any conclusion on the subject of his mental condition." In winding up his evidence, he stated that Mr. Windham's physiognomy impressed him with an idea that he was a man of "very weak intellect," but that his physiognomy was not so strongly marked as to attract notice, unless attention was called to it; and subsequently, when cross-examined, he enumerated a series of particulars which, all put together, led him to the conclusion of unsoundness of mind. Taken alone, he did not think marrying an unchaste woman proved insanity, but, in his opinion, it made a great difference if her paramour had lived with her up to that very time, and slept in the same house the night before the marriage took place. "To marry under such circumstances, he thought no man would do, unless he were drunk, drugged, or insane." Dr. Winslow tells us that "amateur engine driving would not, if it stood alone, be a proof of insanity; but it is one of the elements of the case, and must be taken into consideration." The learned doctor considers engine-driving by a competent amateur is an act of folly, but would not so designate an amateur experiment with four-in-hand; the reason for this curious distinction being, that in the event of an accident more mischief would happen in one case than the other.

Dr. Mayo, President of the Royal College of Physicians, who was present with Dr. Winslow at two interviews with Mr. Windham, was well decided in his views. He said: My judgment would lead me to be satisfied with the simple expression that he is suffering from unsound mind; but I do not differ from Dr. Winslow in describing Mr. Windham's case as one of dementia. A person in that condition generally breaks down early in his education. A person of unsound mind may make a certain progress in classical education, may make bargains, and may be kept in order by the influence of persons set over him; but when unsoundness has reached the point which appears to have been reached by Mr. Windham, the patient becomes uncontrollable by rules of decency. Even after then, if he is placed under absolute restraint, amounting to constraint, the result may be satisfactory; but if the restraint is only partial, it seems only to intensify his misconduct. I should not recommend that Mr. Windham should at once be placed in an asylum; but if he were placed in charge of a fit person, and were restrained from drawing cheques upon his banker, he might be susceptible, not indeed of cure, but of improvement. He had a remarkable memory for events; but such a thing is perfectly consistent with unsoundness of mind. Many of the questions we put to him were of a very disagreeable character, but the most painful thing about the case was the little pain they seemed to give him. He seemed, in fact, rather to enjoy

them than otherwise. I asked him to write a letter, and I am bound to say that he sat down and did it without the least appearance of unsoundness of mind.

Dr. Southey said: I have practised more than half a century as a physician. I was directed by the Lords Justices to see Mr. Windham; and I had two interviews with him of about an hour each. I considered the case a difficult one, because his conversation was more sensible than his conduct appears to have been. From his conversation alone, I should not have been able to come to the conclusion that he was of unsound mind; but coupling it with his history, I formed the opinion that he was not competent to take care of his property.

This closed the case for the petitioners.

Sir H. Cairns, in his speech for the defence, commented freely on the course adopted by the petitioners. They had exercised a very considerable power in bringing from all parts of the kingdom whatever title of evidence could be employed with the slightest advantage against Mr. Windham, whilst he had to contend against the whole family, with the exception of his mother. If his family had been sincere in ascertaining the state of the mind of their relative, they would have been contented with the testimony of eminent medical men, without relying upon the flimsy and ridiculous evidence of railway guards, lodging house-keepers, and police-constables. Mr. Windham, no doubt, being an only child was also a spoiled child, and as he grew up none of his tutors had set to work earnestly to improve his general knowledge. There was no female influence or attraction of that nature at home during his infancy, and, consequently, he became extremely fond of out-door amusements. Mr. Windham's mouth had a malformation, and some of the strange noises made by him might be attributed to that fact. He had also great power of imitation, and was perhaps too fond of using it. Boisterous spirits were, surely, no ground for the jury to pronounce him insane. Mr. Windham was capable of great power of attachment and affection; and while on the one hand he always evinced the greatest disposition to resent the acts of any person who treated him unfairly and improperly, to those who treated him in a proper spirit he always behaved gratefully, and with defence and respect. As to his railway feats, they were such as every Eton boy would attempt, and were not any proof of unsoundness of mind. Only two of the petitioners' family had been called to give an account of the state of his mind. They must have known more than other people the state of the defendant's mind, or they must have proved that they cared nothing, attended to nothing, and sought not to correct that which was wrong—to soften and amend that which was rough. He feared that the question of property was at the bottom of it all; and, if Mr. Windham was proclaimed a lunatic, he could not marry, and must, of necessity, live and die a bachelor, which would give to General Windham's sons the property, which, deducting the amount that would be allowed for the maintenance of the lunatic, and allowing the accumulations up to the estimated time of the lunatic's death, would reach perhaps £100,000.

After commenting severely on other parts of the evidence, and especially on that given by the tutors, the learned counsel then read several letters which Mr. Windham wrote to his mother while travelling about with Mr. Horrocks, which showed how collected he was, and how competent to look after his own concerns. The learned counsel put it to the jury whether they ever heard better or more sensible letters in their lives. They were worth a hundred living witnesses, and anything more satisfactory, as regarded spelling, power of description, rational and forcible reading, and affectionate expressions towards his parent and other persons could not have been written by any one in that court. Sir Hugh Cairns then criticised with some severity the evidence given by Dr. Dalrymple; and having read portions of the affidavit sworn to by that witness before the Lords Justices, expressed his belief that if certain allegations, amounting to Mr. Windham being a dangerous lunatic, and which had not been attempted to be substantiated in open court, had been omitted, the Lords Justices would never have ordered this inquiry to take place. Passing to the consideration of the alleged conduct of Mr. Windham at Spa, Sir H. Cairns expressed his surprise that Mr. Freshfield, the well-known solicitor of London, who was mentioned as having been present at Spa and witnessed Mr. Windham's behaviour, had not been called as a witness. No doubt the petitioners imagined he would give evidence they would not like to hear. The learned counsel then adverted in strong terms upon the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Lowellin, and contended that both these witnesses had admitted facts which showed that Mr. Windham had acted in a rational manner. With regard to the shooting and hooting at Mr. Lowellin's house, not any person who lodged in the house had deposed to it. The learned counsel proceeded with his review of their evidence as to the conversation about Agnes Willoughby (as she was at the time of which the witness spoke), and held that Mr. Windham's remarks were merely made in order to deceive the people with whom he was living, who were friendly to General Windham. Upon the evidence given by Mrs. Lowellin as to the alleged indecent exposure, Sir Hugh Cairns urged that her testimony was not reliable, and from the facts she had deposed to, it was manifest that the transaction never took place.

Further analysing the evidence of the Lowellins, he said he should call the brother and sister of Mr. Lowellin, who, would, as he was informed, entirely contradict the statement made by Mrs. Lowellin. The learned counsel dissected the evidence piecemeal, and said that the affidavit of Mr. Atkin was vastly different to his evidence, and it had been tortured and perverted in a most fearful manner. The interviews at Fellbrigg on the 7th and 8th of August were next adverted to, and the proposal made by Mr. Jackson as representative of General Windham was severely criticised. He contended that, the proposal then made was one to deprive Mr. Windham of his rights in and control over his property, for the benefit of General Windham and his family. It was a proposal for and from General Windham and against Mr. Windham, and that at a time when the young man, within twenty-four hours of coming of age, was of unsound mind! Let the jury reflect what this young man had to undergo. There were with him two lawyers, and two uncles, forcing upon him, in his own library, a proposal which had been carefully prepared on the previous evening. If this bargain had been carried out nothing would have been heard of the proceedings. In that case, relatives and friends, instead of skulking in counsel's seats (General Windham was sitting by Mr. Chambers), would

(To be continued on page 222.)

TOM TAYLOR, ESQ.

We have nothing to do with Mr. Tom Taylor's origin, early life, and family surroundings. He and his may still be spoken of with warm respect in Chiswick and the surrounding neighbourhood; but that eulogy has nothing to do with this notice.

Mr. Tom Taylor has not beaten his way up against horrible difficulties. His contemporary, Carlyle, says: "Genius must have opportunity to display itself," and opportunity Mr. Taylor had at command at an early age. Well cared for, well educated, hearty help at hand, and possessing plenty of genius, he had only to display a will to be industrious and he would find enough work to do. Industry Mr. Taylor had, and this, combined with opportunity, soon gave him a position. "Depend upon it," says Dexter in Mr. Taylor's comedy, "The Overland Route," or in words to a similar effect, "Depend upon it work is your best praying." That one sentence gives the key-note to Mr. Tom Taylor's character-work. Whether as a barrister he has been engaged in a dismal poor-law board inquiry, or in framing a brilliant comedy, the same determination to do the best, in the heartiest manner, has always been apparent. From college, he passed rapidly to notoriety, and he now exists beyond dispute the most prolific, successful, and original English dramatic author of the century. Mr. Taylor has many critical enemies. A little while since, this gentleman dramatized Mr. Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities." It was pronounced a failure in the *Critic* before it was played. Perhaps Mr. Taylor has committed no public act so little worthy of applause as his passiveness under this injustice. It seems to us that, as a public man, he should have publicly

in Germany they think a great deal more of Mr. Taylor than we do in England. There are not wanting critics who are daring enough to say that, did the age demand a Shakespeare, they would find one in Mr. Taylor. Thereby, these German critics do not mean to say that this author has written works worthy of a Shakespeare, but that, if the age were prepared



TOM TAYLOR, ESQ., FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

for such a poet, they might find him living. The great complaint against Mr. Taylor is that he translates from the French. True; yet he but follows the example of all English dramatists from Shakespeare to himself.

A list of Mr. Taylor's works would almost fill a column. Of all of them, we prefer "The Contested Election" and "The Overland Route," two plays, about the originality of which there can be no reasonable doubt. They are as capital pho-

tographs and satires of this day as the "Comedy of Errors" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of theirs. The latest work by Mr. Taylor produced in London is "Our American Cousin," at the Haymarket, the run of which is not yet over. It was written for the American market, and is a capital evidence of Mr. Taylor's adaptability. It is a wondrously successful play; but we feel sure Mr. Taylor never intended it to be produced in England.

Recently, the subject of these few lines appeared in the new character of an actor, in a play of his own, "A Lesson for Life," produced at the Lyceum for the benefit of the Civil Service Rifle Corps, of which Mr. Taylor is a captain. He finds time even for rifle practice. Mr. Taylor played the part of one *Openhart*, a low German usurer, with great care and unconventionality. His appearance as an actor was all the more remarkable when taken into consideration with the fact that he had always exhibited such a hesitation in appearing in public that a call for him at the termination of a successful piece is never responded to by him. Perhaps Mr. Tom Taylor refuses these calls from a fellow-feeling with Alexander Dumas, jun., who maintains that the public are not justified in making such a demand—that they pay to see the play, not its author.

Mr. Tom Taylor is a grave, pleasant-looking gentleman, thoughtful, placid, and considerate in speech. He puts visitors at their ease in a moment, and amongst them are more than two or three young authors, whose future this gentleman has endeavoured to improve. When he has failed in doing so, he has seemed more mortified than the aspirants themselves. Mr. Taylor does honour to literature—that assertion is his best eulogy.

We present a correct likeness of this distinguished author.

SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

Last week we gave an illustration of a characteristic scene on this magnificent river. To-day we furnish another illustration. Our previous one was from the lower section of the river; the present one represents the Danube, where it is little more than a mountain current, crossed by a small bridge over which a troop of mounted men are seen crossing.



SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER XXV.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

BEFORE continuing this narrative I am desirous of pointing out that I am perfectly aware that the narrative I am writing as my own is singularly narrow in its limits. This must necessarily be the case. I have given the narrative of the persons whose combined statements form the whole of this work, in the order in which they naturally fell in reference to my determination to give a consequent and accumulative history. Each person has told only what has fallen under his or her actual observation, and the same rule holds good in my case. Hence it happens that several characters have appeared to drop out of this tale. The reader hears little of Lady Falconridge, or her daughter Constance, less of Sir Jeffrey Pelton, while of Sir Harold Anwold, nothing whatever is recorded. The fact is Lady and Constance Falconridge were passive from the date of the recovery of the former from her melancholia to the end, while in the case of Sir Harold Anwold, his marriage had crushed him into a contemptible nonentity. This is a narrative of *action*, and during the last dozen chapters and those which will be printed between these words and the conclusion of my work, the action has laid and will lie almost entirely between Lady Elfrida Koernac and myself.

To return to that defiant woman, beautiful, and exquisitely dressed, and standing panic-stricken in her drawing-room.

In her terror she was unguarded, and hurriedly informed me that she had set a detective—a man she had seen at Ravelin—to watch for Armand; had thereby found out his address, and told him the secret in a few written words.

I know not why, but I immediately associated the detective with the man who had questioned me concerning Captain Anwold as I left Lady Elfrida's, after our first interview.

Suddenly—as suddenly as she had been seized with terror—she tried to recover herself. But she could not achieve any degree of calmness. She sat down, pressed her hands into the soft damask of the couch, and tried to smile, but all to no purpose. Then, as impulsively as before, she turned to me and said—"Does the Frenchman know the duchess is dead?"

"No."

"Whose child did you say he was?"

"A peasant's," I replied; and as I uttered the words I saw her repeat them to herself. I saw the proud lips take on them a shuddering expression. The proud mouth was prouder than ever, as the lips silently formed the phrase—"a peasant's."

"He may not hear of the death for some days, may he?" she asked me.

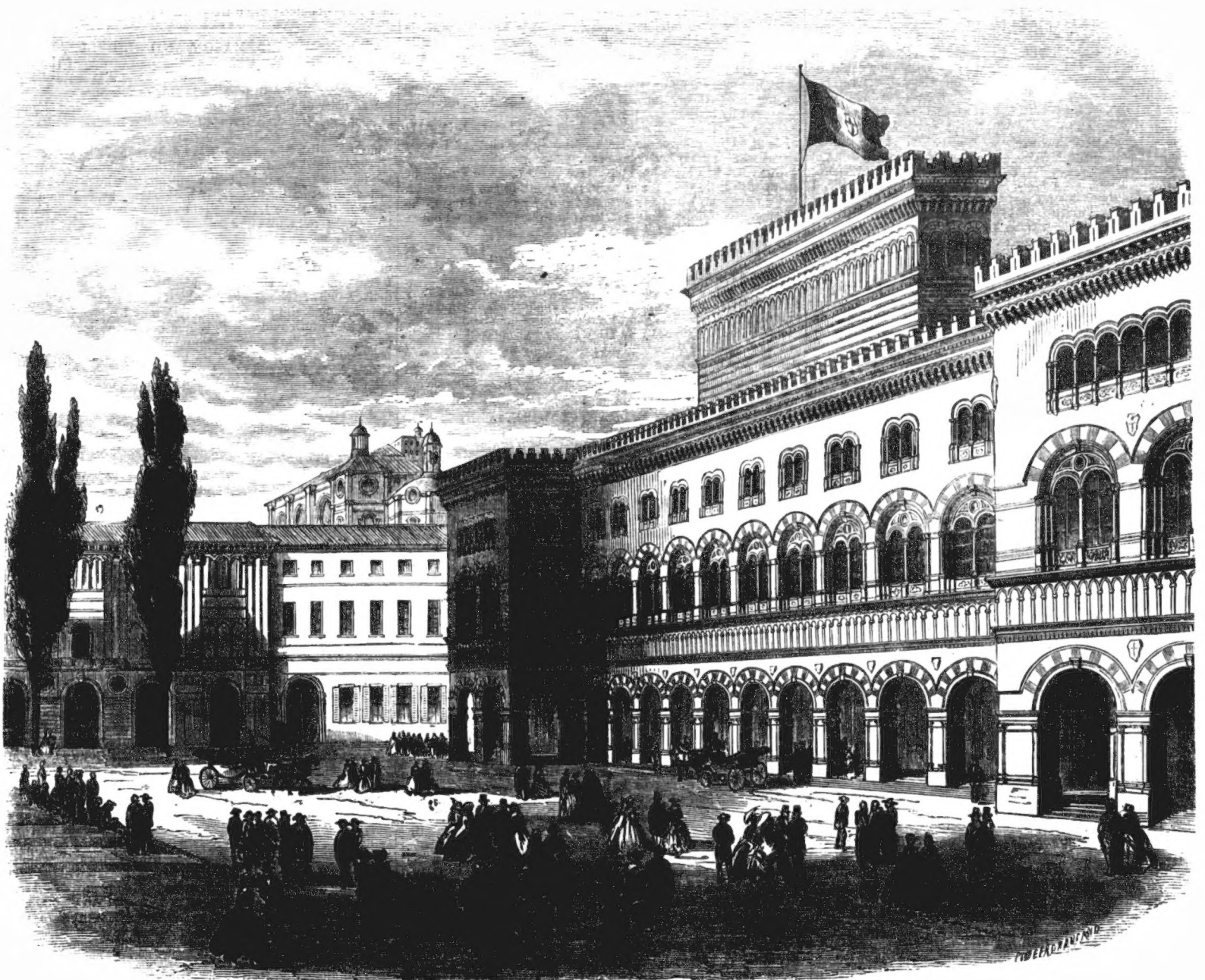
"No," I replied, "for he and the family have been very disunited of late, and I know the duke was seeking his address when I was at Koernac."

I saw she was plotting, though still trembling, panic-stricken even. I knew Lady Elfrida Koernac was still striving against me, as some cunning animal, hopelessly caught in a trap, watches till its death moment for a chance of escape. I felt no more anger against her for still carrying on the war than I should experience in watching the cunning animal to which I have referred. I felt that my grasp was upon her, that she could not escape, and I candidly admit, without staying to make a metaphysical examination of the admission, that I admired her defiance.

Upon my replying to her, she was silent for some moments, meanwhile turning round and round her finger that wedding ring which was the very symbol of the power I had over her. I saw that all the woman's intellect was in action. She felt no pity for any one in the miserable life drama she was playing, and she fought for herself alone. Oh, dismal life that it was—like a upas tree, beautiful, graceful, full of sweet shadow, and yet living for itself alone, impregnating the very air about it with unwholesome vapour, its deserted shadows the home of asps, and its substance utterly poison, from the mighty roots to the soft, green, trembling leaves and royal flowers.

"Will you wait a week before you—strike?" she said.

She used that last word well! "Strike," and she a woman. A more manly man than I would have quivered under that appeal; for she entreated as lowly as her proud nature would let her.



PROVISIONAL PALACE FOR THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT AT TURIN.—SEE PAGE 212.

I hesitated, though I knew that the procrastination of action is almost its death; yet, she was a woman, and I felt that she could not elude me, so what was a week.

"Yes," I answered slowly; "yes, I will wait a week."

I saw the hope to which my words gave birth written on her face. She tried to receive my concession with mere suavity, but she could not conceal the "joy" my words caused her. I think, in the whole course of my horrible contest with Lady Elfrida Koernac (for I will give her that name in the absence of any knowledge of her true one), I say throughout that war with Lord Falconridge's daughter, a repetition of which I would not endure to save my fairly happy and contented life, I never saw that unfortunate woman to such absolute advantage as I did when I saw her face become enlightened as I told her I would wait a week.

"I thank you," she said, and even fallen as she was she smiled with courtliness.

I rose at once, bowed, and left the house.

I confess I regretted my concession. I felt sure she would struggle with desperate intellect to foil me, though I was sure that she could not successfully oppose me.

How could she—how? Had I not this unfortunate creature in my power? I could hurl her from her position, and I only,

for upon consideration I felt that Armand could only threaten—not act. I doubted not that could he act he would, for his passion of hate had maddened him. But how could he prove he was not the son of the Duc de Koernac. I held the secret—I, therefore, alone held power over Lady Elfrida. Armand could threaten and expose by word of mouth, and this power Lady Elfrida had herself bestowed upon him—I only could attack her with deed.

So sure—so utterly sure was I of success, that I wrote to my patient ladies at Pelton House, "Read the good news—Ravelin is ours," I said in the first letter I wrote, but this I tore up, and worded my communication, "Be happy—Ravelin is yours."

I remained at home during the whole of the first day. Armand might come, or she, but the evening came and I had seen neither.

The second day passed with equal result. I dared not ask myself whether I was uneasy. On the third day I was nervous. I could not comprehend affairs. Why did not Armand seek me? I had told Maldring to give my address to Armand at any time he might ask for it. I still had the eager look I had seen upon his face before my eyes. A week had now passed since we had stood face to face. I had been

back in England four entire days, and yet he did not seek me out. Why? Every effect must have a cause, therefore there must be a cause by the virtue, or by the vice of which the impetuous southern Frenchmen kept away from my house.

I admit that when the middle of the fourth day had come I was really alarmed. I felt I had done wrong in giving Lady Elfrida time. Time is the chief weapon of intellect, and I had placed it in her hand. Knowing her to be merciless, why had I bestowed mercy upon her?

As the early thick twilight of that miserable fourth November day came down upon me, I began to ask myself whether I was quite safe in believing that I had Lady Elfrida in my power? That question, put to myself, blanched my cheek I know. That question I asked through several long miserable hours of thought.

Suddenly I started. The probability of such an event had never forced itself upon me, but now on that my fourth day's doubt, the likelihood of such a catastrophe appeared terrifically strong.

What if Lady Elfrida reconciled herself to Armand? This done, I had little or no power over her. Could it happen? It was true that the hate, the awful hate he had expressed towards her when last I saw him, and when he so horribly

mutilated himself, was most intense; but I asked myself as I sat in the dark lone room, and I had not been rash in jumping to the conclusion that his hate was indestructible. If love is most near hate, hate may not be far away from love. He was a warm, impassioned man, I remembered with a sickening despair, born of southern French people who had migrated into the more temperate Brittany—a fact which aided much in the substitution of the living peasants' child in the place of the dead infant lordling. Could she still dominate him by any appeal to his passions? This was pre-eminently the question I wished answered. The man was a breathing impetuosity—that kind of man who is most easily aroused by beauty and intellect. Lady Elfrida possessed both qualities in a powerful degree. Had she still power over him? This involved the question—would she exert her old influence over him? Yes, she would I felt convinced if she saw her way clear. She was not a woman to hesitate or stand at trifles. Then if she strove to conquer him with love when hate was powerless, would he succumb? The evening had waned into the night before I had looked at all the probabilities of the position. I came to this conclusion, that she had so savagely and heartlessly dropped the artist altogether when it suited her to do so, that impassioned as he was he would have sufficient mental guidance over himself to feel that if she came to him wreathed in smiles without any apparent cause, that the act would only embitter him the more against her. Then I had to ask myself the question could she find any apparent cause by which she could overcome his suspicion, and leave his old passionate love for her unguarded and open to attack.

I could find no such cause, though I sought for one throughout that vigil of many hours. I came to the conclusion that if she made overtures of peace to Armand that they could be based upon no attractive sophistry, and that, therefore, the man would be on his guard against her. And yet in spite of this self-assertion, I remained uneasy, and asked myself the question why did I grant that week, why did I not act?

The fifth day. Neither came or sent to me. I determined to visit the solicitor, and ascertain if he had heard anything of the artist, and after leaving strict orders to keep any visitor that might come, as I should not be gone half-an-hour, I drove as rapidly as money would pay for to Maldring's office, though my common-sense told me that the lawyer felt such interest in the case that had he had anything to communicate I should not have been ignorant of it three hours after the lawyer himself had the news.

And yet, though I expected to learn nothing, I was deeply mortified when Mr. Maldring said, in answer to my inquiry—"nothing."

I drove home so rapidly that my cab attracted almost as much attention as a fire-engine. No one had called.

That evening I could not keep in the house. I tried to read, to hit out operative bits on my old bachelor piano—all to no purpose. At last I determined to go out, though I felt an extreme reluctance to quit the house. I trust I shall not have such another fit of indecision. I could not remain at home, and yet I feared to go out. At last I wrote a couple of letters, one to Lady Elfrida, the other to Armand, praying each to remain till my return, and then took up the paper to see what place of amusement would best suit me.

That week an Italian operatic scratch-company were playing at the deserted opera-house. I knew that the opera would be badly played, that the chorus would be hideous, and the chief singers dissonant, for I had heard the company had been flung together rather than combined, and that the whole affair was a mere catchpenny; nevertheless, I determined to go, in order to drive the night away.

The work performed, or rather backed, was the "Huguenots," with a half dozen "bathers" and as many of the Zingari. What I saw beyond the footlights of the opera house has nothing to do with the narrative; a fragment of what I saw before them has much. The second act was over, and a number of the visitors (utterly disgusted with the bad rendering of Meyerbeer) were leaving the house, when I saw the door of an unoccupied box which had been empty during the evening, opened, and a lady and gentleman entered it. They were Lady Elfrida and Armand de Kernac.

I had no power to move. All my doubts were changed into a bitter certainty. There they were reconciled. I was defeated. I think for a few minutes I was paralysed, or stupid, or in a trance, for I simply stared at Lady Elfrida as she took her seat. I had lost all command over myself, and this want of self-control lasted some moments.

It must have been during that space of time she saw me. If her face changed its expression I did not see it. In fact, I believe that the picture presented to my vision of the two entering the box absolutely remained imprinted on the retina of my eyes for many seconds.

The curtain rose, and the vast opera continued its caricatured progress; and it may be interesting to my readers to know that my mind was in such a peculiar state that though I had no power of listening to the opera, that portion of the act of the work played before I was once more master of myself (which ended with the commencement of the litanies) has ever since been so repulsive to me that I remain out of the house till it is complete.

Once more myself, to speak figuratively, I began wondering by what means she had overcome him. I felt sure that not only had she appealed to his passions, but to his reason. I could find no reply, and I turned from the useless inquiry to the question, how far did the reconciliation defeat my purpose of regaining Ravelin?

It was Sir Harold Answold who was the injured individual in the matter of Lady Elfrida's bigamy, and to act upon this wrong against his supposed wife he must prove it. How could he? There was the position. By some means Lady Elfrida had gained over my chief witness. She had closed his mouth defiantly by taunting him with being unable to act against her without injuring the lady who had been as gentle with him as though she had in all truth been his mother. Now when the poor duchess was dead, when Armand, after four words from me would have been able to attack her, she had gained him over to her side.

"Coward," I thought, as I looked towards him, and then as I marked the look of gentleness upon his face I recalled the word, and replaced it with the word "dupe."

I had never suffered such defeat. I had said to her "either yield Ravelin, or four words to Armand will give him the power to crush you out of English society, and from the position you have gained," and then in the full blaze of the opera-house I found them as peacefully seated as though their

mutual loves had been as unrippled as a park lake on a mid-summer noon-day.

I was not destined to sleep that night in ignorance of the power she used.

A footman—one of the Ravelin men—came to me while I sat in the pit of the opera, and gave me a little bit of folded pink paper. I looked at it many times after that degrading night. She had torn off the cover of the libretto of the opera, and written (in pencil) the following words, in great haste and more carelessness:—

The physical compensations of nature seem to be paralleled in mental affairs. It is true I ruined myself by confiding your first secret, but in the second place I made my fortune by repeating your second. I told him the duchess was dead, and thereby placing myself at his mercy I re-conquered him. It is rash to write this I know, but you could not show it him if you were desirous of doing so, and you are too much of a man of honour to violate a confidence. Nay—if he saw this I should not care—I would tell him it was the only means I had of approaching him. Adieu—I shall be at Ravelin in a few days."

The scrawl was unsigned. The very audacity of the action proved to me how certainly she had Armand under her thumb. She must have written that precious communication before him, and, as if this were not enough, must have sent him for the footman who brought me the missive.

"Well," I thought that night as I resolved Armand's imbecile vacillation in my mind—"Well, if the government of one's life by pure intellect, such as in Lady Elfrida's case, is deplorable and bitter, assuredly it is a more consistent mode of command that an entire yielding to the government of the passions, as in the case of this miserable Armand," and I suppose, like every man or woman, I drew conclusions favourable to my own theory of self-government by the intellect, tempered by instinct and love.

Thus far, then, Lady Elfrida (and I call her Lady Elfrida without adding a surname, for the simple reason that I never learnt what it was) had conquered.

But what was her next step? She could come to a scratch-opera with little risk, for nobody (to speak in the fashionable slang once more) was in town, and if any body had been, the personage certainly would not have been at that dismal opera performance.

What were her plans?

How would she reconcile her relations to Sir Harold and the French gentleman?

I knew her for a woman of action—thoroughly, and to my cost—it did not, therefore, require any vast discrimination to be certain that she had sketched out a plan of operations.

"Mischief," I thought, as I lay tossing sleeplessly through-out that night—"Mischief, and I am totally unable to prevent it—I can only wait."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WINDHAM INQUIRY.

(Continued from page 219.)

have rushed to the witness box, and said, "We have known this young man all his life; we have seen his actions, have dined and lived with him, and know him to be one of the soundest men in the world." (Great applause.) With regard to the marriage, Mr. Windham fell in love with Miss Willoughby. The marriage was, no doubt to be regretted, as being distasteful to society; but it was no evidence of insanity, and, if so, he did not see what the settlements had to do with the matter. Miss Willoughby was giving up a position (receiving £2,000 a year from a gentleman with whom she was living) for the purpose of marrying Mr. Windham, and he thought that the uncles and other persons who professed so much interest to Mr. Windham should have gone to Miss Willoughby for the purpose of telling her that they believed Mr. Windham had not the capacity of mind to contract marriage, and that if she proceeded further in the matter she would do so at her peril. With regard to the jewels, he considered that the amount was not so extraordinary for a man in Mr. Windham's position. With regard to the timber sale, he should prove that there was a stipulation between the parties that no ornamental timber was to be cut, and it was as reasonable a contract as was ever made. As to the price of the timber, a deliberate attempt had been made to mislead the jury, for not only was the oak timber to be taken, but the whole timber, good and bad, and with some sorts of timber the market was glutted. As for the grounds on which the medical gentlemen had come to the conclusion of insanity, they were totally insufficient. In conclusion, he appealed from those from whom he could expect no mercy, to the jury from whom he should receive justice. It had been the province of juries before, and would be again, to detect deceit and defeat oppression. (Loud cheers in court.)

Dr. Dukes, the eminent physician, was the first witness examined for the defence. He gave a minute account of a conversation he had had with the alleged lunatic, and said that all his answers were clear and well defined.

It was impossible for the idea of imbecility in Mr. Windham to enter into his mind through the long interviews they had. He saw him instruct his solicitor, and from his general demeanor, his power of mind and absence of anything indelicate in his conversation, he could not think him imbecile in any degree. He believed there was no delusion about him. It occurred to him that such a question as delusion was quite set aside. As to the impression that he was always losing jewellery, he found at once it was not a delusion at all, though he said he thought the women used sometimes to steal his breast-pins. As to testing the accuracy of statements, he had no means of testing many of the statements. They were all coherent and consistent, and he believed them true.

The proceedings in the Windham Lunacy Commission were resumed on Saturday morning. Dr. Tuke was cross-examined at great length, and Dr. Seymour was then examined in further proof of Mr. Windham's sanity. This gentleman stated positively that he did not believe there was any radical defect in Mr. Windham's mind, and that he thought him quite capable of managing his own affairs.

At the commencement of the proceedings on Monday one of the jury did not answer to his name, and a medical man who attended stated that the jurymen in question was suffering from congestion of the lungs, and was quite unable to be present. A lengthened discussion ensued. Mr. Karslake and Mr. Coleridge objected to the inquiry proceeding, on the ground that all were of one opinion and 11 took a different view, the

absent jurymen might have been impressed with such a notion as would cause a verdict in favour of Mr. Windham. Ultimately Mr. Warren decided upon continuing the inquiry. Mr. Chambers drew the attention of the Master to the fact that comments were being made in the columns of some of the public newspapers, and strongly reprehended such a practice. He (the learned counsel) feared that improper motives might be attributed to the writers of such comments, and certainly the ends of justice were not likely to be advanced thereby. Mr. Karslake and Mr. Coleridge, on behalf of their respective clients, strongly repudiated any participation in the comments in any way. The Master deprecated such remarks, and said that the Lunacy Act gave him power so to regulate the proceedings that he could, if he found it necessary, prevent the publication of the evidence.

The cross-examination of Dr. Seymour was then proceeded with. Neither the cross-examination nor the re-examination elicited anything material.

Mr. Hancock, senior surgeon of Westminster Hospital, proved the malformation of Mr. Windham's mouth, which caused the peculiarity of the laugh which had been referred to in the evidence, and also the running of the saliva as being at times irrepressible.

Several witnesses were examined on Tuesday and Wednesday, in refutation of the charge of imbecility brought against Mr. Windham, while residing in Norfolk and London. Several of these were late servants in his father's family. The case had not concluded when we went to press.

MESSRS. MASON AND SLIDELI

The following remarks from the pen of one of the ablest and honestest of English political writers, should be pondered carefully by all persons in this country:—

"In case of the American Government yielding the point in dispute, we shall have to be magnanimous under a far stronger temptation. There are things to be remembered which Englishmen generally are not yet sufficiently aware of. Not only must we remember that the Confederates are fighting for slavery, but that Mr. Mason, to whom we are compelled to act as protectors, if not champions, is the author of the Fugitive Slave Law. From end to end of the kingdom this ought to be told and remembered, that we may be able to allow for the Federalists, if they refuse to liberate him, and to sympathise with their feelings if they submit to the necessity. Under the Fugitive Slave Law many a prosperous farmer has been ruined by his compassion in aiding the deliverance of the captive; many a citizen has laid down his life to defend the personal liberty law of his own State; many a Quaker, who could not fight has borne the loss of his property, and undergone imprisonment, sooner than return to bondage the fugitive who cast himself upon his compassion. Under that law the proud city of Boston has seen chains locked round its court-house, and cannon posted in its streets, while a negro, long free and supposed safe under the protection of the city, was carried down to the harbour, amidst thousands of mourning citizens, and black flags, and balconies filled with women in black, heartwringing that the South had thus got the liberties of the Republic under her heel. The author of that law is now in prison in that harbour, within sight of that court-house and the wharf whence Burns was shipped; and we must remember how keen must be the pang of restoring that man to liberty on the requisition of anti-slavery England. Anti-slavery England must beware of making a hero of the man she is obliged to protect, and of condemning too severely the premature rejoicings of the people of the Free States, who have been betrayed into a false position by the ignorant audacity of a naval officer in whose years and professional reputation they have naturally placed their confidence."—Miss Martineau, in *Once a Week*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHINESE ALDERMAN.—At Queensland a naturalised Chinese, Mr. James Chiam, has been elected an alderman.

MR. EDWIN JAMES.—The New York *Leader* of Dec. 14, contains a melodramatic sketch, entitled "Murder, or Suicide?" a leaf from the notebook of an English Queen's Counsel," by Mr. Edwin James. The New York paper describes it as "a sketch of one of the most remarkable criminal trials that ever took place in England, and in which Mr. James was the successful prosecuting officer for the Government."

WHERE OUR TIMBER COMES FROM.—Great Britain and Ireland import annually some 27,000,000 cubic feet, or 540,000 loads of Canadian pine timber, the greater part of which is manufactured at the Ottawa river and its tributaries. The operations of this manufacture extend over upwards of 11,000 square miles, and give employment to more than 40,000 men; but there are perhaps but few in England who have more than the most misty conception of the way in which the giants of the forest are subjected to the dominion of man.—*Once a Week*.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.—This distinguished orator delivered a magnificent speech in New York on the 19th ult. in favour of the abolition of slavery. Cooper's Institute was crowded to the doors, and his audience included a large number of the elite of the city. His radical anti-slavery sentiments evoked the most unbounded enthusiasm.

SLAVE INSURRECTION IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Port Royal correspondent of the *Tribune*, whose letter is dated 14th December, says:—"There has been a great negro insurrection in Mississippi, and an immense quantity of property destroyed—\$150,000 on the Quitman estate alone."

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—The diligence running from Barcelona to Figueras met with a shocking accident last week between Geroda and the latter place. It arrived about four in the morning at the mountain torrent called Al Mandi, in crossing which, though there was very little water at the time, one of the horses fell, and the others refused to move. The travellers were in consequence obliged to remain there an hour and a half, during which time, owing to a storm in a higher part of the mountains, the torrent swelled to such a degree that before help could be obtained it overturned the carriage and seven of the inside passengers were drowned.

LORD PEVENSEY, M.P. for East Sussex, has been attacked by severe illness at Paris, whither the Earl and Countess of Sheffield have been summoned, and where they are now in anxious attendance upon his lordship. The noble lord is said to be suffering from a dangerous attack of fever.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

RELEASE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

(Reuter's Telegram.)

(Per City of Washington, via Queenstown.)

NEW YORK, DEC. 28 (Morning.)

Messrs. Mason and Slidell have been set at liberty by the Federal Government.

The New York Associated Press publish the following telegram:—

"The surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell will be better accepted as a political necessity on the seaboard than in the interior and in the West."

It is unquestionable that in the agricultural portion of the Union the popular sentiment at this act of the President will be profound and lasting. On the eastern rim of the Atlantic slope, his declaration that he could not have two wars at once on his hands, will be accepted as the justification of his policy.

The harbour of Charleston has been destroyed, sixteen whaling hulks, filled with granite, having been sunk in three parallel lines of interval distances across the channel. The flow permitted to the water will prevent the cutting of a new outlet, and the obstruction will soon accumulate a triple line of sand banks across the entrance. A large and very carefully-prepared naval expedition, under General Burnside, will sail from Annapolis next week.

The land force will comprise 12,000 troops. Complete success is anticipated from this enterprise, and results are expected to flow from it of the greatest consequence, none less than in the cutting off the enemy's most important line of railroad communication than in dividing their forces in front of General McClellan.

The great question of emancipation as a military measure is debated by the people and debated in Congress.

It is believed that before Congress adjourns it will pass an act declaring that the slaves of rebels who join the Federal side shall be free.

NEW YORK, DEC. 27 (Evening).—An Associated Press Washington dispatch says, it is reported and generally credited that the Trent affair has been adjusted. The terms of the adjustment are not, however, stated in this dispatch.

The New York Times announces that it has authority to state that the matter has been adjusted.

The New York Herald argues that the Federal Government gain no advantage in retaining Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and that their surrender may take away the pretext for English and French interference.

The New York Herald continues:—"The storm may blow over, but it will leave a debt of abuse from England to be repaid hereafter by America."

The New York Times thinks "that while England regards the rebels as belligerents, and America regards them as rebels, a pretext for war will eventually arise."

A false rumour of the release of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, which was set adrift yesterday, caused rather a feeling of relief than indignation in the popular mind, at a settlement of the question.

The New York World is of opinion that people will submit to the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell as a necessity of the present position, but with the hope of avenging their surrender hereafter.

General Scott is still in New York. It is supposed that he brought no official offer from France.

NEW YORK, DEC. 27 (Evening.)

The Federal steamer Santiago de Cuba has overhauled, on the coast of Texas, the schooner Eugenia Smith. She found nothing contraband on board the Eugenia Smith, but took from on board two passengers, who, from the papers found upon them, were supposed to be agents of the Confederate States.

These passengers, Messrs. Zaccari and Rogers have arrived at New York, and have been confined in Fort Lafayette.

The Key West correspondent of the New York Herald says that the Eugenia Smith was sailing under British colours between Matanzas and Havana.

The New York Herald thinks that the commander of the Federal steamer must have known what colours the Eugenia Smith sailed under, or he would have taken her as a prize.

The New York Evening Post says that the Eugenia Smith sailed under British colours, but was believed to be an American ship, partly owned by Messrs. Zaccari and Rogers.

The New York Herald urges the passing of a tariff in favor of French goods, to the exclusion of English manufactures.

The Government has announced that the new tea, coffee, and sugar tariff came into force from the 25th December, and applies to all goods in warehouse and to current importations.

The Journal of Commerce says this announcement has caused a feeling of wrong and injustice among commercial classes, and trusts the Government will reconsider its action.

The main channel of Charleston harbour has been totally destroyed by sinking vessels.

The war excitement in Canada is unabated.

The steamers Arago and Edinburgh have arrived out.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.

Money easier. Exchange steady. Bankers' bills, 110½ to 1. Stocks firm and advancing—New York Central, 78; Erie, 28; Illinois, 58½. Cotton dull; middling upland, 30c. to 37c. Flour heavy. Wheat unchanged. Corn inactive. Provisions dull. Coffee steady. Sugar very firm. Molasses quiet.

OFFICIAL DISPATCH.

We have received the following from the Foreign Office:—

FOREIGN OFFICE, JAN. 8, 1862.

A telegram, dated the 27th December, was received at the Foreign Office from Lord Lyons soon after four o'clock this afternoon, announcing that the United States' Government has consented to deliver to him the four prisoners when and where he pleased.

CHARGE OF MURDER.—In the Central Criminal Court, a poor woman named Mary Anne Hamilton was tried this week on a charge of murdering her infant child. It appeared that at the time the unfortunate creature was in a state bordering upon starvation, and not morally responsible for her actions. The jury acquitted her on the ground of insanity, and she was ordered to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

FORGERY AND FRAUD.—Alexander George Gray, and Wm. Oliver Gray, father and son, were charged with forgery and fraud. The particular charge which was gone into was that of feloniously altering a bill of lading for the delivery of a large quantity of alkali. The younger prisoner was acquitted, and the elder prisoner was found guilty, but strongly recommended to mercy. Mr. Baron Martin, in consideration of this recommendation, as well as of his age, sentenced him to nine months' hard labour.

ARRIVAL OF A FEDERAL CORVETTE AT SOUTHAMPTON.—The Federal war corvette, Tuscarora, Captain Craven, has arrived in the Southampton river. She left New York on the 15th, and called at Fayal on the 31st ult. She carries nine Dahlgren guns, and has a crew of 181 men. Immediately after her arrival Captain Craven sent ashore an officer to communicate with Captain Britton, the United States' Consul at this port. It is stated that the Tuscarora is on a general cruise, and has called here for coal. The general impression is that she is looking after the steamer Nashville.

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ECONOMY AND FASHION.—TRY our TWO GUINEA BLACK FROCK COATS, Guinea Black Trousers, and Half-Guinea Waistcoats, our Guinea Oxford Overcoat, 42s., Lounging Suit, and our 10s. All Wool Trousers, kept ready made, in all sizes, to order at one day's notice.—F. STAMMERS, Practical Tailor, 64, Strand, opposite Bedford-street.

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OH! THIS DISTRESSING COUGH!—The severest Cough or Asthma is immediately relieved on taking one of Chambers' Cough Pills. A small box of them most graciously effects a perfect cure. Sold in boxes, 1s. 10d. each; post free for 14 stamps. Agent, Hooper, Chemist, London Bridge, E.C.

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